This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07489498 5

IBRARY

Lenox Collection.
1870.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

King HENRY IV. Part I.
King HENRY IV. Part II.
King HENRY V.
King HENRY VI. Part I.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed and sold by ROBERT MARTIN; and by R. GOADBY, in *Sherborne*; M. MORGAN in *Lichfield*; T. SMITH in *Wolverhampton*; A. DONALDSON in *London*; R. BOND in *Glocester*, and by all Country Bookſellers.

MDCCLXVIII.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

The First Part of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

Henry, *Sirnam'd* Hot-Spur.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
John *Duke of* Lancaſter, }

Worceſter,
Norhumberland,
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*
Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,

Weſtmorland, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }
Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins,
Gads-hill, } *Companions of* Falſtaff.
Peto,
Bardolph,

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

The

The First Part of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court *in* London.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King Henry.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds a-far remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soil
* Shall trempe her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed files,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming, ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,

* *Shall damp her lips*—] This Nonſenſe ſhould be read, *Shall* trempe, *i. e.* moiſten, and refers to thirſty, in the preceding Line: *Trempe*, from the *French*, *tremper*, properly ſignifies the Moiſtneſs made by Rain.

As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a Power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chaſe theſe Pagans, in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore, we meet not now: Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmorland*,
What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

K. *Henry.* It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the holy Land.

Weſt. This, matcht with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-ſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour:

As

As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. *Henry*. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, conſin, is it not?

Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. *Henry*. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In Envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of Honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.——What think you, Couſin,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,

To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
Which makes him plume himſelf, and briſtle up
The Creſt of youth againſt your Dignity.

K. *Henry.* But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Jeruſalem*.
Couſin, on *Wedneſday* next our Council we
Will hold at *Windſor*, ſo inform the lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

Fal. NOW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. *Henry.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand That truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal*. For we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wand'ring knight ſo fair. And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King—as God ſave thy Grace, (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana*'s foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we——ſteal.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea; being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; *got with ſwearing, *lay by;* and ſpent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad: and is not mine Hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

* *got with ſwearing*, lay by;] *i. e.* ſwearing at the Paſſengers they robbed, *lay by your Arms;* or rather, *lay by* was a Phraſe that then ſignified *ſtand ſtill*, addreſſed to thoſe who were preparing to ruſh forward.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No: thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits?—

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt incomparative, raſcallieſt, ſweet young Prince—But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable attraction, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin for a Man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!*—Now ſhall we know, if *Gads-hill* have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true Man.——

P. *Henry.* Good-morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good-morrow, ſweet *Hal.* What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? what ſays Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good-Friday* laſt, for a cup *Madeira*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry.* Sir *John* ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry.* Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads-hill;* there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I have viſors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rocheſter,* I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap;* we may do it, as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward;* if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, *ſtand,* for ten ſhillings.

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir *John,* I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation-ſake,) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* Farewel, thou latter ſpring! Farewel, all-hallown ſummer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet honey lord, ride with us

us to-morrow. I have a jeſt to execute that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

P. *Henry*. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. *Henry*. Ay; but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and, ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immaſk our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry*. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd Back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. *Henry*. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eaſt cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry*. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds

To

To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare Accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's fears;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My Reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than That which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my Condition;
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft, as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of Reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our Houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;

And

And that fame Greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.
North. My good lord,——
K. *Henry. Worceſter*, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
* The moody frontlet of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit* Worceſter.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumberland.
North. Yes, my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took;
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty.
Or Envy therefore, or Miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: [and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.]—And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms

* *The moody* frontlet——[We ſhould read *frontlet*, *i. e.* Forehead.

He

He queſtion'd me: amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
I, then all ſmarting with my wounds; being gal'd
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my Grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: And but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.——
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, * let not his report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and, in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die; and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach.
What then he ſaid, ſee, he unſays it now.

K. *Henry.* Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight

*—*let not* this *report*] We ſhould read, *his.*

Againſt

Againſt the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my ſovereign Liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove That true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of ſwift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant Combatants.
Never did baſe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be ſlander'd with Revolt.

K. *Henry*. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou belieſt him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durſt as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not aſham'd? but, ſirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*.

Send

Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you——My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſon.
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop in duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke.*

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad. [*To* Worceſter.

Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale.
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer.*

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us, God pardon!) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;

From

From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you;—did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?
North. He did; myſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King.
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous Subornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power
Ingag'd them Both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As Both of you, God pardon it! have done:)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd Honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay—— *Wor.*

Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night. Or ſink or ſwim,
Send Danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So Honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple.——O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the Deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Corrival all her Dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good Couſin, give me audience for a while,
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*,
That are your priſoners——
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes;
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. I will; that's flat:
He ſaid, he would not ranſom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*:

But

But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, couſin, a word.
Hot. All Studies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke:*
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of *Wales*,
(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,)
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewel, my kinſman; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke:*
In *Richard*'s time—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!——it is in *Glo'ſterſhire*—
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept—
His uncle *York*—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke:*
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg.*
North. At *Berkley* caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why, what a deal of candied Courteſy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age*,——
And *gentle Harry Percy*——and *kind couſin*——
The Devil take ſuch couzeners—God forgive me—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again.
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners. [*To* Hot-ſpur.

Deliver them without their ranſom ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas'* Son your only mean
For Pow'rs in *Scotland;* which, for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.—You, my lord, [*To* North.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Arch-biſhop.

Hot. York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Briſtol,* the lord *Scroop.*
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion, that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it: on my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.

Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot;
And then the power of *Sotland,* and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer;* ha!

Wor. So they ſhall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem ourſelves unſatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe;

When

When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our Pow'rs at once,
(As I will faſhon it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty. [truſt.

North. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn at Rocheſter.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What, oſtler?

Oſt. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt*'s ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* Oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villainous houſe in all *London* road for fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Maſs, there's ne'er a King

King in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourdan, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breds fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What, ostler? a plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

SCENE II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. WHAT, ho, chamberlain!——

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads.

Gads. That's ev'n as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, maſter *Gads-hill*; it holds current, that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin, in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with * St. *Nicholas'* clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſix-penny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomaſters, and great Moneyers; ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than think; and think ſooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

* *St.* Nicholas' *clerks,*] St. *Nicholas* was the Patron Saint of Scholars: And *Nicholas*, or *Old Nick*, is a cant Name for the Devil. Hence he equivocally calls Robbers, St. *Nicholas's Clerks.*

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to,—*Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, *and* Peto.

Poins. COME, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed *Falſtaff*'s horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hanged, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!*——

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare farther afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape

'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew!—— a plague upon you all. Give me my horse; you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. *Henry.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand,——

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice: *Bardolph*, what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch.*

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. COME, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand,——

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats; ah! whoreſon caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry.* Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, and* Falſtaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.* [horſe:

P. *Henry.* Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſt with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good *Ned.* Now *Falſtaff* ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's *House.*

Enter Hot-spur *solus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in respect of the love he bears our House!* he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not besides, the *Douglas?* have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish

diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will ſet forward to night.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, fortins, parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoner's ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour agone.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the Sheriff?
Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought ev'n now.
Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my Throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O *Eſperance!*
But *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.
Lady. But hear you, my Lord.
Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! a weazel hath not
Such a deal of ſpleen as you are toſt with.—
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
About his Title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion, I ſhall aſk.
I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry*,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler:—love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate;* this is no world
To play with * mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them currant too—gods me! my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For, ſince you love me not,

* *mammets,*] *i. e.* Girls. Mr. *Pope.*

I will

I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear,
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon, where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecreſy,
No lady cloſer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.
Lady. How! ſo far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?
Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-*Head Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal*?
P. *Henry.* With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conſcience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courteſy; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falſtaff*, but

a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, ſo they call me;) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good lads in *Eaſt-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem; and bid you play it off.——To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, ſweet *Ned*,—(to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penny-worth of ſugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome, Sir:* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon*, *anon*, *Sir; Score a pint of baſtard in the half moon*, or ſo.) But, *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falſtaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome bye-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*.

Poins. Francis,——

P. *Henry*. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.——

SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis *the drawer*.

Fran. ANON, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. *Henry*. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry*. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis,—

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*.

P. *Henry*. Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart——

Poins. *Francis*,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. How old art thou *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poins. *Francis*,——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

P. *Henry*. Nay, but hark you, *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry*. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. *Francis*,——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry*. Anon, *Francis*? no, *Francis*, but to-morrow, *Francis*, or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*,—

Fran. My lord?

P. *Henry*. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry*. Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will fully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What Sir?

Poins. *Francis*,—

P. *Henry*. Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a Calling? Look to the gueſts within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. *Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins,*—— [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir;

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. *Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the ſon of a Woman!—His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his wife, fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in *Falſtaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Ribi*, ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

Poins. WELCOME, *Jack*; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of ſack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou ever ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? (pitiful-hearted *Titan!*) that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward—Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring; there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I ſay. I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. *Henry.* How now, *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

P. *Henry.* Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry*

P. *Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward; I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me —Give me a cup of ſack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to day.

P. *Henry*, O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I!

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. *Henry.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!— let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. *Henry.* Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads-

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not, what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murdered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe; thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou ſaid'ſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to: theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. *Henry.* Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreſon obſcene greaſy tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. *Henry.* Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in *Kendal* green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, *Jack*, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? no; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. *Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh,——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you eel-ſkin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck,——

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack*.

P. *Henry.* We two ſaw you four ſet on four, you bound

bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight—What trick? what device? what ſtarting hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack:* what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as *Hercules;* but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play *extempore?*

P. *Henry.* Content:——and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

SCENE X.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee, do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now, Sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto;* ſo did you, *Bardolph:* you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England;* but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed; and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did. That I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore;* thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. *Henry.* I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry.* Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waſte; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you muſt go to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*,—and he of *Wales*, that give *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true Liegeman upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: what a plague call you him——

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame; and his ſon-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Douglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular——

P. *Henry.* He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry.* So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well; that raſcal had good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry.* Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow,—but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry.* Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue-caps more. *Worceſter*

Worceſter is ſtol'n away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. *Henry.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. *Henry.* Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. *Henry.* Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved—Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in King *Cambyſes'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech—Stand aſide, Nobility——

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. *Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.*

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal,

Fal. *For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful Queen,*
For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry Players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—*Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Sun of heav'n prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of *England* prove a thief and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keep'ſt; for, *Harry*, now do I not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now, I remember me, his name is *Falſtaff*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I ſee virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him

him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. *Henry.* Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand for Me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me?—If thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry.* Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my maſters.

P. *Henry.* Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. *Henry.* The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe.——Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry.* Swearеſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carried away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtufft cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. *Henry.* That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* I know, thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; but that he is, (ſaving your reverence,) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many an old Hoſt, that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falſtaff*; baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company: baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry.* I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and* Hoſteſs *goes out.*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the Play: I have much to ſay in behalf of that *Falſtaff.*

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe: ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. *Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a

cart

cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go, hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.——

SCENE XII.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I myſelf at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. *Henry.* I think, it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exit.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* This oily raſcal is known as well as *Paul*'s: go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff ——— faſt aſleep, behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath: ſearch his Pockets.

[*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*

Item, Sauce, 4 *d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*

Item, Anchoves and ſack after ſupper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelveſcore. the money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good-morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good-morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's *Houſe in* Wales.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And, uncle *Worceſter*——a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit, couſin *Percy*; ſit, good couſin *Hot-ſpur*;
For, by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glend. I blame him not: at my Nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.
Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hot. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble. [fire,
Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on
And not in fear of your nativity!
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.
Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth

The

The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better *Welſh*.
I'll to dinner ———

Mort. Peace, couſin *Percy*; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But, will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth; *Tell truth and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made [head
Againſt my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name? [Right,

Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:

All weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear Coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs, that this night may execute)
To-morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the *Scottiſh* Power,
As is appointed us, at *Shrewſbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here,

Hot. Methinks, my portion, north from *Burton*
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot.

Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me *nay?*
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in *Welſh.*
Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* Court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *Engliſh* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue, that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!——
Than one of theſe ſame meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haſte the writer) and withal,
Break with your Wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Mort. FIE, couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my father?
Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,

With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clipt-wing Griffin, and a moulting raven;
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlic, in a windmil, far;
Than feed on cates, and have them talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And, ſince your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,

Loſeth

Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation. [ſpeed!

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

SCENE III.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladies.*

Mort. THIS is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, ſhe and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's deſp'rate here: a peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry,
That no perſuaſion can do good upon.

[*Lady ſpeaks in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy looks; that pretty *Welſh*,
Which thou pour'ſt down from thoſe two ſwelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parly ſhould I anſwer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welſh.

I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine;
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a ſummer's bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.

[*The Lady ſpeaks again in* Welſh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance itſelf in this.

Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch diff'rence betwixt wake and ſleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo;
And tho' th' muſicians, that ſhall play to you
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtrait they ſhall be here; ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy gooſe. [*The muſic plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands *Welſh*: and 'tis no marvel, he is ſo humorous: by'r lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in *Welſh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Iriſh*.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the *Welſh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

[*Here the Lady ſings a* Welſh *ſong.*

Come, I'll have your ſong too. *Lady.*

Lady. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good sooth;* and, *as true as I live;* and, *as God shall mend me;* and, *as sure as day:* and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'd'ſt further than *Finſbury.* Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *inſooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn taylor, or be *Robin-Red-breaſt* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours: and ſo come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Preſence-chamber in Windſor.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. *Henry.* LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you. ——
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not, whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attaints,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So please your Majesty, I wish, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers;
I may, for some things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
But being seldom seen, I could not stir,

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, this is he.
Others would ſay, where? which is *Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heav'n,
And dreſt myſelf in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at; and ſo my State,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping King, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; *'ſcarded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh with gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but, as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,

*—carded *his State*;] *Richard* is here repreſented as laying aſide his Royalty, and mixing himſelf with common Jeſters. This will lead us to the true reading, which ſhould be thus,

'ſcarded *his State*;

i. e. diſcarded, threw off.

When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. *Henry*. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. *Henry*. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Ravenſpurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the State,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!
For, of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs; in the Realm
Turns head againſt the Lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot excurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military Title capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this *Hot-ſpur*, *Mars* in ſwathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,

And

And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th' Archbiſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s pay;
To dog his heels, ad curtſy at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head.
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favour in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcowr my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this fame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern Youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This in the name of heav'n I promiſe here:
The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve

The

The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. *Henry*. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have Charge, and sovereign Trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

K. *Henry*. The Earl of *Westmoreland* set forth to-day,
With him my son; lord *John* of *Lancaster*;
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On *Thursday*, we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glo'stershire*: by which some twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BARDOLPH, am not I fall'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd, like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while

while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe; the inſide of a church! company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money, that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compaſs: and now I live out all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou ranu'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think, thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire-light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking

walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack, that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think, I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair: and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: you do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight ſhillings an ell: you owe money here beſides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you,

you rich? let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-up; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Peto *playing on his Truncheon like a Fife;* Falſtaff *meets them.*

Fal. HOW now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate*-faſhion.

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly*? how does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo; and, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and, ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

P. *Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows no where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſſly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal*? a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.* I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man

man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry*. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; dost thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. *Henry*. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbost'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry*. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready Breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacify'd still, Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess*.
Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad,——how is That answer'd?

P. *Henry*. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry*. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou doſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. *Henry.* I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of foot,

Fal. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one, that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry.* *Bardolph*,——

Bard. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Go bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Weſtmorland*; go, *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum!

[*Exeunt*,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,

As

As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral currant through the World.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defy
The tongues of ſoothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourſelf.
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, lord.
Dowg. Thou art the King of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well—What letters haſt thou there?——
I can but thank you.
Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?
Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous ſick.
Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his Power;
Under whoſe government come they along?
* *Meſſ.* His letters bear his mind, not I. *Hot.* His mind!
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.

*Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I his mind,*] The Line ſhould be read and divided thus,
Meſſ. *His Letters bear his Mind, not I.* Hot. *His Mind!*
Hot-ſpur had aſked *who leads his Power?* The *Meſſenger* anſwers, *His Letters bear his Mind.* The other replies, *His Mind!* As much as to ſay, I enquire not about his Mind, I want to know where his Powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in Character.

He

He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a Truſt
On any foul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perillous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not: his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt; to ſet ſo rich a Main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We now may boldly ſpend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſon: it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,

And

And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of th' offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A large Dare to our great enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To puſh againſt the Kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Dowg. As heart can think; there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. MY couſin *Vernon*, welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſon?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daſt the world aſide
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſht, all in arms,

All

All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midſummer;*
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury;*
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprifal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till One drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.
Dowg. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.

Come,

Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Public Road, near Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BARDOLPH, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a ſowc'd gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's Preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens' ſons; enquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the banes: ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck deer, or a hurt wild duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices: and now my whole Charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch

as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers; revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-faln'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old-feaſt ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſkare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had * gyves on; for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company; and the half ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth ſtoll'n from my Hoſt of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?* How now, mad wag, what a devil doſt thou in *Warwickſhire?* My good lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy; I thought, your Honour had already been at *Shrewſbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to ſteal cream.

P. *Henry*. I think, to ſteal cream, indeed; for thy

* gyves *on;*] i. *e.* Shakles. Mr. *Pope*.

theft

theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry.* No. I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'LL fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dowg. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas:* by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battel,
Which of us fears.

Dowg. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great Leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Worceſter*'s horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of Reſt.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.

[*The Trumpets ſound a Parley.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I Come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God,
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality;
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,

So

So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty!
But, to my Charge—The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs: and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame Royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd, *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſs knows itſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg:*
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Country's wrongs; and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the Favorites that the abſent King
In Deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point——
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after That depriv'd him of his life:
And, in the neck of That, taſk'd the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March*,
(Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the Council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And in concluſion drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his Title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw awhile:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewel.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!

Hot.

Hot. It may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbiſhop of York's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. HIE. good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſt to the Lord Mareſhal;
This to my couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.
Sir *Mich.* My lord, I gueſs their tenour.
York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewſbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord *Harry*; and, I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe pow'r was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant trial with the King.
Sir *Mich.* Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*, and lord *Mortimer*.
York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
York. And ſo there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,

The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell*, speed;
For if lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewel, Sir *Michell*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp at SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaster, *Earl of* Westmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falstaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. *Henry.* The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. *Henry.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

K. *Henry.* How now, my lord of *Worster*? 'tis not well. That

That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Truſt
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. *Henry.* You have not ſought it, Sir; how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. *Henry.* Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myſelf, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends:
For you, my ſtaff of office I did break
In *Richard's* time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I:
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
(And you did ſwear that Oath at *Doncaſter*,)
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n Right;
The ſeat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſwear our aid: but in ſhort ſpace

It rain'd down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the Injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral Sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow; did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf,
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry*. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, and read in churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings and poor Diſcontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.——
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. *Henry*. In both our armies there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,

If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praiſe of *Henry Percy:* By my hopes,
(This preſent enterprize ſet off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valued young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to Chivalry,
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great Name and Eſtimation;
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in a ſingle fight.

K. *Henry.* And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our People well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſ-led upon your Couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Couſin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with Reply;
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exit* Worceſter, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry.* It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hot-ſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. *Henry.* Hence, therefore, every Leader to his Charge.

For on their anſwer we will ſet on them.
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. *HAL*, if thou ſee me down in the battel, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. *Henry.* Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip: Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry.* Why, thou oweſt heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? can honour ſet to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no, What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? Air; a trim Reckoning.--Who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wedneſday*. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not live with the living? no: why? Detraction will not ſuffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a mere ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Percy's *Camp.*

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O No, my nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,

The

The King ſhou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like a Fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuſe of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot-ſpur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not *Harry* know,
In any caſe the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hot-ſpur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. MY uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle preſently.

Dowg. Defy him by the lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him ſo.

Dowg. Marry, I ſhall; and very willingly.
[*Exit* Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dowg. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Weſtmorland*, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*! Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praiſe:
[By ſtill diſpraiſing Praiſe, valued with You.]
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his Follies; never did I hear

But

Of any Prince, ſo wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

SCENE V.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. MY lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now, for our conſciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking: only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Eſperanza!* *Percy!* and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war;
And by that muſic let us all embrace:
For (heav'n to earth) ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.
[*They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets ſound.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The King entereth with his Power; Alarm to the battle. Then enter Dowglas, *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. WHAT is thy name, that thus in battle croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?

Dowg. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain: then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dowg. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dowg. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know his face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dowg. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dowg. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot.

Hot. Up and away,
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff *solus.*

Fal. THOUGH I could 'scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; *here's no vanity! I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me; I need no more weight than mine own bowels! I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;
Many a noble man lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies;
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. *Henry.* He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry.* Give it me: what, is it in the case?

* *here's no vanity!*] In our Author's Time the *Negative*, in common Speech, was used to design, ironically, the Excess of a Thing. Thus *Ben Johnson* in *Every Man in his Humour*, says,
O here's no Foppery! *Death, I can endure the Stocks better.* Meaning, as the Passage shews, that the *Foppery* was excessive. And so in many other Places.

Fal.

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.
[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. *Henry.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarum, Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaster, *and the Earl of* Westmorland.

K. *Henry.* I Pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thyself, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. *Henry.* I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry* I will do so:
My lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. *Henry.* Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help;
And heav'n forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lies trodden on;
And Rebels arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breath too long; come, cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lies; for heav'n's sake, come,

P. *Henry.* By heav'n, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. *Henry:*

K. *Henry*. I saw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. *Henry*. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt*.

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dowg. Another King? they grow, like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

K. *Henry*. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thyself about the field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thyself.

Dowg. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a King!
But mine, I'm sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight: the King being in danger.*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry*. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the Spirits
Of *Shirley*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*, Dowglas *flieth*.
Cheerly, my lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. *Henry*. Stay, and breathe a while;
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinon,

And

And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
P. *Henry.* O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
Th' inſulting hand of *Douglas* over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treach'rous labour of your ſon.
K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey*. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hot-ſpur.

Hot. IF I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*
P. *Henry.* Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
P. *Henry.* Then I ſee
A very valiant Rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*: and think not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.
Hot. Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. *Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities, [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*; to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. O, *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. *Henry.* Worms, brave *Percy.* Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth, that bares thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favour hide thy mangled face.
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He ſees* Falſtaff.
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
Oh, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Falſtaff *riſes.*

Fal. IMBOWELL'D!—if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit: for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear, I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his back.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. *Henry.* COME, brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden ſword.

Lan. But ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
And breathleſs on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-ſight?

I

I pr'ythee, ſpeak, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack*: there is *Percy*, if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? lord, lord, how the world is giv'n to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewſbury* clock: if I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads, I'll take't on my death, I give him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* THUS ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exeunt* Worceſter *and* Vernon, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. *Henry.* The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and, I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. *Henry.* With all my heart.

P. *Henry.* Then, brother *John* of *Lancaſter*, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him

Up

Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Ev'n in the boſom of our adverſaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courteſy,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.

K. *Henry.* Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You ſon *John*, and my couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms,
Myſelf and You, ſon *Harry*, will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

OPEN your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The Vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of Peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And, of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewſbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;

And

And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewſbury*,
And this worm-eaten Hold of ragged ſtone;
Where *Hot-ſpur*'s father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies craſty ſick. The Poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour*'s tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King* Henry *the Fifth.*
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, Humphrey *of* Glouceſter, Thomas *of* Clarence, — *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth, and Brethren to* Henry *the Fifth.*
Northumberland, *The Archbiſhop of* York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *Lord* Bardolph, Morton, Traver, Colevile, — *Oppoſits againſt King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Warwick, Weſtmorland, Surrey, Gower, Harcourt, *Lord Chief Juſtice,* — *of the King's Party.*
Falſtaff, Poins, Bardolph, Piſtol, Peto, Page, — *Irregular Humouriſts.*
Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bulcalf, — *Country Soldiers*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy,
Hoſteſs Quickly,
Doll Tear-ſheet.
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; *the Porter at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard;
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the gate
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, lord *Bardolph?* ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewſbury.*

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:

The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*,
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*: young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field,
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since *Cæſar*'s fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewſbury*?

Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.

North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE II.

Enter Travers.

North. NOW, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came ſpurring hard
A gentlemen, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to *Cheſter*; and of him
I did demand what news from *Shrewſbury*.
He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck;
And that young *Harry Percy*'s Spur was cold.

With

With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? again:
Said he, young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?
Bard. My lord, I'll tell you;
If my young Lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my Barony. Ne'er talk of it.
North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by *Travers.*
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtoll'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

SCENE III.

Enter Morton.

North. YEA, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the Nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, didſt thou come from *Shrewſbury*?
Mort. I ran from *Shrewſbury*, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his uglieſt Maſk
To fright our Party.
North. How doth my ſon, and Brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,

And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue;
And I my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: your Son did thus, and thus:
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble *Dowglas*:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſon, and all are dead!
Mort. Dowglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your ſon——
North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mort. You are too Great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet for all this, ſay not, that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.
Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.
Mort. I'm ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down

The

The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his Camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him rebated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing, that's heavy in its ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Worceſter*
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas*, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy Pow'r to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſic: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel

Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ruggedſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
To frown upon th'enrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Bard. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord!
Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th'event of war, my noble lord,
And ſumm'd th' account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than That being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,

Choak'd

Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed Powers: he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs: conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now, the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his Riſing with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life, under great *Bolingbroke:*
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. SIRRAH, you, giant! what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel: The *Juvenal*, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet; he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid Mr. *Dombledon*, about the ſatten for my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

Page.

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whoreſon *Achitophel*, a raſcally yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon *ſecurity*! the whoreſon-ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles: and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity*: I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatten, as I am a true Knight, and he ſends me *Security*. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in *Paul*'s and he'll buy me a horſe in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the Stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.

Page. SIR, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at *Shrewſbury*: and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. What to *York*? call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff*,——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*——

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack Subjects? do not the Rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide That, which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick. I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewſbury*,——

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you;——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fallen into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord, but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your Patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would, my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I'm loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewſbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quite o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My lord——

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.——

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord, your angel is light; but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go;——I cannot tell; Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-mongers' days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſe-berry.

You,

You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterneſs of your Gall; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young Lion repents: marry, not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n ſend the Prince a better Companion!

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear, you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiſs my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the

the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.——but it was always yet the trick of our *Engliſh* Nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me Reſt: I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle—A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy,——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with

with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: a good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn deſeaſes to commodity.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbiſhop of York's *Palace.*

Enter Archbiſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray *(Earl Marſhal) and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THUS have you heard our cauſe, and know our means:
Now, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And firſt, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occaſions of our arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How in our means we ſhould advance ourſelves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord *Haſtings*, ſtandeth [thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland?*

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theam ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe,
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

York.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph;* for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-ſpur*'s caſe at *Shrewſbury.*
Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of Supply;
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a Power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his Pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.
Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early Spring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? much more, in this great Work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a Kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite: or elſe,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his pow'r to build it: who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt.

Hoſt. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.
Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?
Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord *Bardolph.*
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one Pow'r againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower;* perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: ſo is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.
York. That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.
Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear That.
Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?
Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter*, and *Weſtmorland:*
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth:*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice.
York. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The Commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provo'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.

So,

So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave;
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street in LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two Officers, Phang *and* Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. *Phang*, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Hoſt. O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: for he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out.

out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither; —— I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my vice.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Phang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet*, to Mr. *Smooth*'s the *Silkman*. I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long Lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Phang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou honey-ſuckle vil-

lain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed, man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph.*

Phang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or too; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

SCENE II.

Enter Chief Juſtice attended.

Ch. Juſt. WHAT's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to *York.*
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſt-cheap*, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eat me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as likely to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation?

exclamation? are you not aſham'd to enforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whit-ſun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a finging-man of *Windſor;* thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou did deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad foul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wounds that come with ſuch more than impudent ſaucineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know, you have practis'd upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman.——

Hoſt. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her?

the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent faucineſs: If a man will court'ſy and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. MASTER *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales*
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the Prodigal, or the *German Hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe dead-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries: let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this hu-

*German *Hunting* in water-work,] *i. e.* in Water-colours.

mour

mour with me; doſt not know me? Come, come, I know, thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill——

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her: hook, on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſt. and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord,——

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I intreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here,
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower*?

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Continues in LONDON.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attack'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo loofely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe: but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low Countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether thoſe, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, ſhall inherit his King-

Kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? tell me, how many good young Princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit, I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the Devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company, as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep.

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph.*

P. *Henry.* And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff;* he had him from me chriſtian, and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. SAVE your Grace.

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph.*

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs, and baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now; what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes, and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wive's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry.* Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea*'s dream, away!

P. *Henry.* Inſtruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good reſpect?—and how doth the *Martlemas*, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. John Falſtaff, knight, —— Every man muſt know that, as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they ſay, *there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But, to the letter:—*Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the King, neareſt his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *Greeting.*

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. *Henry.* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Roman *in brevity.*

Poins. Sure, he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.

P. *Henry. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no; which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him.* Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and ſiſters: and Sir* John *with all* Europe.

Poins. My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* That's to make him eat plenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us: is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Where ſups he: doth the old Boar feed * in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Doll Tear-Sheet.*

P. *Henry.* What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned*, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.* Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-Sheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London.*

P. *Henry.* How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

* *in the old* frank?] *i. e.* Hogſty. Mr. *Pope.*

Poins.

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his lable, as drawers.

P. *Henry.* From a God to a Bull? a heavy deſcenſion. It was *Jove*'s caſe. From a Prince to a prentice? a low transformation; that ſhall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs,
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.

L. *North.* I have giv'n over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will: your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my Honour is at pawn,
And, but my Going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy.* Oh, yet, for heav'n's ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his Pow'rs: but he did long in vain!
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honours loſt! yours and your ſon's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the Sun
In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glaſs,
Wherein the noble Youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:

And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe, that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to None, unſeconded by You;)
To look upon the hideous God of War
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur*'s Name
Did ſeem defenſible: ſo you left Him.
Never, O, never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more precife and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, (hanging on *Hot-ſpur*'s neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-ſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow:
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,

To

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* WHAT the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns*? thou know'ſt, Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot That.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou canſt find out *Sneak*'s Noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-ſheet* would fain hear ſome muſic. Diſpatch! the room where they ſupt is too hot, they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then *here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out *Sneak*. [*Exeunt.*

* *here will be hold* Utis:] *Utis*, an old Word yet in uſe in ſome Countries, ſignifying a *merry Feſtival*. Mr. *Pope*.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. I'FAITH, ſweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but, i'faith, you have drank too much canarys, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court*—empty the jorden —*and was a worthy King*: how now, Mrs. *Dol*.

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, *Dol;* we catch of you, *Dol,* we catch of you; grant That, my poor Vertue, grant That.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. * Your brooches, pearls and owches: for to

* *Your* brooches, *pearls and* owches:] *Brooches* were Chains of Gold that Women wore formerly about their Necks. *Owches* were Boſſes of Gold ſet with Diamonds. M. *Pope.*

ſerve

ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy Conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel. [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. SIR, ancient *Piſtol* is below and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hoſteſs?——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, Sir *John*; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear—it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your Ancient ſwaggerer, comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me—it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt—neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter *Domb* our miniſter was by then—neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for faith he, you are in an ill name: (now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon;) for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed, what gueſts you receive: receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.—There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, Hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering, by my troth; I am the worſe, when one ſays, ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

SCENE X.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Piſt. SAVE you, Sir *John.*

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol.* Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal.

Fal. She is Piſtol-proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what? your poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the ſaucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal, you baſket-hilt ſtale jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? * what, with two points on your ſhoulder? much!

Piſt. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Piſtol;* I wou'd not have you go off here: diſcharge yourſelf of your company, *Piſtol.*

Hoſt. No, good captain *Piſtol:* not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd captain? if Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy;* which was an excellent good word, before it was ill ſorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

* *what, with two points on your ſhoulder?* much!] *Much* was a common Expreſſion of Diſdain at that Time, of the ſame Senſe with that more modern one, *Marry come up.*

Fal.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I, down! down, dogs; down, fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horſes
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not * *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer? do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then, feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.*
Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and, ſweet-heart, lie thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are *&c cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

* *Hiren*] The name of *Piſtol*'s and *Amadis de Gaul*'s Sword.

Dol.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling; nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have incifion! ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three: come, *Atropos*, I ſay.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs,

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whoreſon, little valiant villian, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me! ———

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you whoreſon chops—ah, rogue! I love thee,—thou art as valourous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine Worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſic.

Page. The muſic is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'd'ſt him like a church: thou whoreſon little tydy *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. PEACE, good *Dol*, do not ſpeak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poins*, has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! ——his wit is as thick as *Tewkſbury* muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no hate with telling of indiſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their *Averdupois*.

P. *Henry.* Would not this Nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry.* Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol.*

P. *Henry.* *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon*, his man, be not * claſping too his maſter's old Tables, his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive money on *Thurſday:* Thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I an gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove, that ever I dreſs myſelf handſom till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, *Francis.*

P. *Henry.* *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry.* Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

* liſping-to *his maſter's old Tables*, &c.] We ſhould read, claſping too *his maſter's old Tables*, &c. *i. e.* embracing his maſter's caſt-off Whore, and now his Bawd, [*his Note-book, his Councel-keeper.*] We have the ſame Phraſe again in *Cymbaline*,

You claſp *young Cupid's* Tables.

Fal.

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry.* Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the lord preſerve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London.*—Now heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whoreſon-mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whoreſon candle-myne, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill;* you knew, I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal,* on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned,* in the world; honeſt *Ned,* none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal,* none, *Ned,* none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry*. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine Hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. *Henry*. For the women, ———

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul! for the other, I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. *Henry*. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays That, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there *Francis*.

SCENE XII.

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry*. PETO, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter*.

And

And there are twenty weak and wearied Poſts
Come from the North; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bear-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry*. By heav'n, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak: *Falſtaff*, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick't. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently: a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah: farewel, Hoſteſs; farewel, *Dol*. You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt——well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit*.

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man —well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*,——

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace in LONDON.

Enter King Henry *in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick:*
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
*A watch-caſe to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious Surge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

**A watch caſe, &c.*] This alludes to the Watchmen ſet in Garriſon-towns upon ſome Eminence attending upon an Alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of Fire, or any approaching Danger. He had a Caſe or Box to ſhelter him from the Weather, but at his utmoſt Peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon Duty. Theſe Alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of *Shakeſpear.*

Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlip'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurley, death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then, happy low! lie down;
Uneaſy lies the head, that wears a Crown.

SCENE II.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. MANY good-morrows to your Majeſty!
K. *Henry.* Is it good-morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o' clock, and paſt.
K. *Henry.* Why, then, good-morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters I ſent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our Kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body ſlight diſtemper'd,
Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.
K. *Henry.* Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
Into the Sea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips: how Chances mock,
And Changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,

The

The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten Years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs;
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember) [*To* War.
When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'*Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
'My couſin *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne;
(Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:)
'The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it,)
'The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
'Shall break into corruption:' ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the Nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,

Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on You.

K. *Henry*. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The Pow'rs, that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. *Henry*. I will take your counſel:
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Changes to Juſtice Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Juſtices; with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil.

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea, and nay, Sir, I dare ſay, my couſin *William* is become a good ſcholar: he is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clement*'s-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cot's-wold* man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba*'s were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, (now Sir *John*) a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s head at the Court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure. Death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he

would have clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee.——How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

SCENE IV.

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Sil. HERE come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this Country, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falſtaff;* a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: better accommodated—it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated—it comes of *accommodo;* very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man

man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. IT is very juſt: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your good hand: give me your Worſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think,—

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my couſin *Silence*; in Commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits, you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*:—let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could

have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble*.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble.

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble:* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter *Shallow*, deep, maſter *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bull-calf.*

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bull-calf*, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whoreſon Cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his Coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number,

you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen That, that this knight and I have ſeen!——hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, hem, boys.—Come, let's to dinner; Oh, the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

Bul. Good maſter corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten ſhillings in *French* Crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends;

friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old Dame's-ſake ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be, my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bull-calf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Fal. Mouldy, and *Bull-calf*:——for you, *Mouldy*, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off

and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the ſo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there is a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur*'s Show: there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; bounce, would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, maſter *Silence*. I will not uſe many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace. As you return, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off theſe Juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice *Shallow*.

Shallow. How ſubject we old men are to this Vice of lying! this ſame ſtarv'd Juſtice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-ſtreet*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember him at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rere-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this Vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crowding among the Marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-ſkin: the caſe of a treble hoboy was a Manſion for him, a Court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a Foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.

York. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland;*
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland;* and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?

Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out. Let us way on, and face them in the field.

SCENE II.

Enter Weſtmorland.

York. WHAT well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I thing, it is my lord *Weſtmorland.*

Weſt. Health and fair Greeting from our General, The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter.*

York. Say on, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace: What doth concern your coming?

Weſt. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that Rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend Father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, my lord Archbiſhop,
Whoſe See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The Dove and every bleſſed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
* Turning your books to glaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

* *Turning your books to* Graves] We ſhould certainly read, Glaves, *i. e.* Swords.

York.

York. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end: we are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt noble lord of *Weſtmorland*,
I take not on me here as a phyſician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge th' obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee, which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet Sphere,
By the rough torrent of occaſion;
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Ev'n by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the Examples
Of every minute's inſtance, preſent now,
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace, indeed;
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you.

That

That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine,
And conſecrate Commotion's Civil Edge?
York. My brother general, the Common-wealth,
To Brother born an houſehold Cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
Weſt. O my good lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was, force-per-force, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rouſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke;*
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,

That

That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak, lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry*;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.—
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear,
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,

To

To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
Weſt. That is intended in the General's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
York. Then take, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;
And preſent executions of our wills
To us, and to our properties, confin'd;
We come within our lawful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you, lords,
In ſight of both our battles, we may meet;
And either end in peace, (which heav'n ſo frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it.
York. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* Weſt.

SCENE III.

Mowb. THERE is a thing within my boſom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That ev'ry ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action.
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York.

York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he * wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

* *wipe his tables clean,*] Alluding to a Table-book of Slate, Ivory, &c.

Mowb.

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

Lan. YOU'RE well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*;
Good day to you, my gentle lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you, lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſs? With you, lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n itſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The Subjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York.

York Good my lord of *Lancaſter*.
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time miſ-order'd doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With Grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true Obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo Succeſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While *England* ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And Some about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Pow'rs unto their ſeveral Counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York.

York. I take your princely word for theſe Redreſſes.
Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.
Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.
York. To you, my noble lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Weſt. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.
York. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord, and gentle couſin *Mowbray.*
Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.
York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.
Weſt. Therefore be merry, Coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus; ſome good thing comes to-morrow.
York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they ſhout.
Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.
York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit* Weſt.
And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

York.

York. Go, good lord *Haſtings:*
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Haſtings.*
Lan. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lie to night together.

SCENE V.

Re-enter Weſtmorland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The leaders having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth: or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.
Weſt. Good tidings, my lord *Haſtings;* for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:
And you, lord Archbiſhop, and you, lord *Mowbray,*
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you Redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n, and not we, hath ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

Fal. WHAT's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff*?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouſe up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe:* my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.*
[*Exit* Weſt.
Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome Gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was

the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me, and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæſar*, ——I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot; to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have Right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou,

thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thyſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

SCENE VII.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. NOW, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan. Send *Coleville* then with his Confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Coleville.
And now diſpatch me tow'rd the Court, my lords;
I hear, the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, pray, ſtand, my good Lord in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable

ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puſt up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glouceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Palace at Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* NOW, lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Navy is addreſs'd, our Pow'r collected,
Our Subſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pauſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry. Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windſor.*

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence.*

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt affect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
'Till that his paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Tho-*
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends: [*mas*,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force-per-force, the age will pour it in:)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. *Henry.* Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas?*

Cla. He is not there to day; he dines in *London.*

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied? canſt thou tell That?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers,

K. *Henry.* Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,

When

When rage and hot blood are his counſellors
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rd fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? *Weſtmorland!*

SCENE IX.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. HEALTH to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to That, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your Law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. *Henry.* O *Weſtmorland*, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majeſty:
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolph*,
With a great Pow'r of *Engliſh* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkſhire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. *Henry.* And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor, in health) or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; (ſuch the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

Weſt. My ſovereign lord, chear up yourſelf, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll ſtraight be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind
* Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs and loathy births of Nature:
The Seaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

* *Hath wrought the* mure, —] *i. e.* the Wall. Mr. *Pope.*

And

And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great Grandſire *Edward* ſick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. *Henry.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
Unleſs ſome doleing, favourable hand
Will whiſper muſic to my weary ſpirit.
War. Call for the muſic in the other room.
K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon the pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

SCENE X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* WHO ſaw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs. [abroad?
P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none
How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſic.
War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords; ſweet Prince, ſpeak low;
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?
P. *Henry.* No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.
[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.

Why doth the Crown lie there upon the pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs Down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
*That from this golden Rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy Due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial Crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole
ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal Honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry.* WARWICK! *Glouceſter! Clarence!*
Cla. Doth the King call? [Grace?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your

* *That from this golden* Rigol] *Rigol* or Circle; meaning the Crown. Mr. *Pope.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege, Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. *Henry*. The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. *Henry*. Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. *Henry*. The Prince hath ta'en it hence? go ſeek him out.

Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither ſtraight; this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this, engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the Bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſſments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
'Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,

Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. *Henry*. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe. Lords.*

P. *Henry*. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. *Henry*. Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my Honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln That, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give That, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you ſage Councellors, hence;
And to the *Engliſh* Court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of Idleneſs:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
[*England* ſhall double gild his treble Guilt;]
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint; and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry*. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears. [*Kneeling*.
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world

The

The noble Change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the Might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. *Henry*. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,

And

And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All their bold feats
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a Scene,
Acting that Argument: And now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
For thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead our many to the Holy Land;
Leſt Reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign Quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry*. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my Poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry*. Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry.* Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd, Trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my lord of *Warwick?*

P. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick.*——

K. *Henry.* Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble lord.

K. *Henry.* Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's *Seat in* Glo'ſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and* Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to-night. What! *Davy*, I ſay——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*,——

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee;

ſee; yea, marry, *William* Cook, bid him come hither.—Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy*. But, for *William* Cook,—are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir——Here is now the Smith's note for ſhooing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid——Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckly* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' Court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot* againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter

quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your Worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore, I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John*? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horſes.——If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded hermites-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his men's ſpirits and his: they, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſerving-man. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal.

Shal. [*within*] Sir *John*——

Fal. I come, maſter *Shallow*; I come, maſter *Shallow*. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court, in LONDON.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. HOW now, my lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would, his Majeſty had call'd me with him.
The ſervice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time:
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good-morrow, couſin *Warwick*.

Glou. Cla. Good-morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much Talk.

Lan.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you've loſt a friend, indeed;

And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the forrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in Honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
* A rated and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. HEAV'N ſave your Majeſty!

K. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* Court;
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,

* *A* Ragged *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.*] *Ragged* has no Senſe here. We ſhould read.

A rated *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.* i. e. Remiſſion that muſt be ſought for, and bought with Supplication.

That

That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that *Harry*'s dead; and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not.

[*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

K. *Henry.* No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his Power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his Law,
While I was buſy for the Common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my Place,
The Majeſty and Pow'r of Law and Juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son ſet your decrees at naught:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword

That

That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo loſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your State,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

P. *Henry*. You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh, your Honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his Greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice.—You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his Grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;

And

And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To ſtruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our high Court of Parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our State may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To the Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our State,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth: come, couſin *Silence;* and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John;* marry, good air. Spread, *Davy,* ſpread, *Davy;* well ſaid, *Davy.*

Fal.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your huſbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Maſs, I have drank too much Sack at ſupper. —— A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good maſter *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* ſome wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit: good maſter Page ſit: proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter *Bardolph*, and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are Shrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think, maſter *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy, ——

Davy. Your Worſhip—I'll be with you ſtraight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine,*
That's briſk and fine,

And

And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph,* welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll drink to maſter *Bardolph,* and to all the cavileroes about *London.*

Davy. I hope to ſee *London,* ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy,*——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, maſter *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at the door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Davy. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtol* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

SCENE V.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Sir *John*, 'ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet Knight: thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of *Barſon.*

Piſt. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe;
Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy friend;
And helter ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
Speak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. *O baſe* Aſſyrian *Knight, what is thy news?*
Let King Cophetua *know the truth thereof.*

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir under the King, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? * *Bezonian*, ſpeak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry.*

* *Bezonian,*] A vile or needy Perſon. Mr. *Theobald.*

Piſt.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!
Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chuſe what office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee with Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed: maſter *Shallow*, my lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's Steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol!* away, *Bardolph:* come, *Piſtol*, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow*. I know, the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes: the Laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Street in LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child, I go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwing'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwing'd, I'll forſwear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that Right ſhould thus o'ercome Might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a Juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones! —

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A public Place near Weſtminſter-*Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* MORE ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.*

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the Coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow,* I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol,* ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhow doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem;* for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither by mechanic dirty hands. [ſnake,
Rouſe up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea: and trumpet-clangour ſounds.

SCENE VIII.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. GOD ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you, what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, (hence!) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that keep me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to Evil:
And as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities

Give

Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King*, &c.

SCENE IX.

Fal. MASTER *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, maſter *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour,——

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Piſtol*; come, *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.
Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.
Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſic, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſy; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Catharine *of* France; *where, for any thing I know,* Falſtaff *ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for* Oldcaſtle *died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.*

THE

LIFE

OF

HENRY V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter, *Duke of* Bedford, *Duke of* Clarence, — *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York, *Duke of* Exeter, — *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Weſtmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, *Lord* Scroop, *Sir* Thomas Gray, — *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, — *Officers in the King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, — *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Boy.

Bates, Court, Williams, — *Soldiers.*

Charles, *King of France.*
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.

Conſtable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree, — French *Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.
Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Hoſteſs.*
CHORUS.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the port of Mars; *and, at his heels,*
(Leaſht in, like hounds,) ſhould famine, ſword and fire
Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France? *or may we cram,*
Within this wooden O, the very caſkes
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O, pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whoſe high up-rear'd, and abutting fronts
Perillous, the narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this hiſtory;*
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

The

*The LIFE of King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antechamber *in the* Engliſh *Court, at* Kenilworth.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and* Biſhop of Ely.

Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.

MY lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,

**The life of* Henry V.] This Play was writ (as appears from a Paſſage in the Chorus to the fifth Act) at the Time of the Earl of *Eſſex*'s commanding the Forces in *Ireland* in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and not till after *Henry* the VIth had been played, as may be ſeen by the Concluſion of this Play. MR. *Pope*.

Six

Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
T'invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To

To ſteal his ſweet and honied ſentences:
So that the Act, and practic part of life,
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſome berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the Commons; doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual Convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)

The

The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages
Or his true titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
And, generally, to the Crown of *France*
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o' clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſy:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* WHERE is my gracious lord of *Canterbury?*

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. *Henry.* Send for him, good uncle.

Weſt. Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege?

K. *Henry.* Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and *France.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. *Henry.* Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,

Why

Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, how you impawn our perſon;
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond;*
In terram Salicam *Mulieres ne ſuccedant;*
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike *land:*
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve:*
Where *Charles* the great, having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French:*

Who,

Who, holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this law: to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France*;
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly ſuppos'd, the founder of this law;)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty ſix; and *Charles* the great,
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the Crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,
To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo King *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.

So

So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis* his Poſſeſſion, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
*Than amply to imbare their crooked titles,
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince;
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France;*
While his moſt mighty Father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France;*
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege

* *Than openly to imbrace*—] The two old Folios read, *Than amply to imbarre*. Hence it appears we ſhould, read, *Than amply to* imbare, *i. e.* lay open, make naked, expoſe to view.

Is

Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouze yourself;
As did the former Lions of your blood.
West. *They know, your Race had cause, and means, and might:
So hath your Highness; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.
† O let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and sword, and fire, to win your right.
Cant. In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. *Henry.* We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. *Henry.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:

* *They know your* Grace hath *cause, and means, and might, So hath your Highness*——] We should read,
——*your* Race had *cause*,——
which is carrying on the Sense of the concluding Words of *Exeter*.
As did the former Lions of your blood.
meaning *Edward* III, and the Black Prince.

† *O, let their bodies follow*, &c.] These two Lines, with a high Indecorum, are given to the Archbishop: but they belong to *Westmorland*; and *Canterbury* begins,
In aid whereof, we of the Spiritualty, &c.

For,

For, you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Ne'er went with his full forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her beſt exampled by herſelf;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of *Scots*; whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with priſoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with prize,
As is the ouzy bottom of the Sea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.

* *Exe.* But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To taint, and havock, more than ſhe can eat.

Ely. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a 'ſcus'd neceſſity;
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,

* Ely. *But there's a ſaying* &c.] This Speech, which is diffuaſive of the War with *France*, is abſurdly given to one of the Churchmen in Confederacy to puſh the King upon it, as appears by the firſt Scene of this Act. Beſides, the Poet had here an eye to *Hall*, who gives this Obſervation to the Duke of *Exeter*. But the Editors have made *Ely* and *Exeter* change Sides, and ſpeak one another's Speeches; for this, which is given to *Ely*, is *Exeter*'s; and the following given to *Exeter*, is *Ely*'s.

And

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent;
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſic.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey Bees;
Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King, and officers of ſort;
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home:
Others like merchant-venturers, trade abroad;
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who, buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, 't once a-foot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.

Divide

Divide our happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France;*
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry.* Call in the meſſengers, ſent from the *Dauphin.*

Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly Dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth;
Not worſhip, with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin;* for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. *Henry.* We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says, that you favour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)
This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the Dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

K. *Henry*. What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. *Henry*. We're glad, the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.

His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With chaſes. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not meaſuring, what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourſelf
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of Greatneſs;
When I do rouſe me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*;
Yea, ſtrike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.

And

And tell the pleaſant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: many thouſand widows,
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear huſband;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dauphin*'s ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whoſe name,
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
To 'venge me as I may; and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the *Dauphin*,
His jeſt will favour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. *Henry.* We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs,
Therefore, let our porportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE IV.

Before QUICKLY's *Houſe in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

WELL met, Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*.

Bard. What, are Ancient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be. [†*ſmiles*] But that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France:* let it be ſo, good corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly;* and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may;

*SCENE IV.] Between this and the foregoing Scene, in all the Editions hitherto, is inſerted the Chorus which I have poſtponed. That Chorus manifeſtly is intended to advertiſe the Spectators of the Change of the Scene to *Southampton;* and therefore ought to be placed juſt before that Change, and not here, where the Scene is ſtill continued in *London*.

† *there ſhall be* ſmiles] I ſuſpect *ſmiles* to be a marginal Direction crept into the Text. It is natural for a Man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that ſhall be as it may*. But this fantaſtical Fellow is made to ſmile diſdainfully while he threatens; which Circumſtance was marked for the Player's Direction in the Margin. Mr. *Warburton*.

men

men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges: it muſt be as it may; tho' patience be a tir'd Dame, yet ſhe will plod; there muſt be concluſions; well, I cannot tell, ——

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient *Piſtol* and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt *Piſtol*?

Piſt. Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt? now by this hand, I ſwear, I ſcorn the term; nor ſhall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn! Now we ſhall ſee wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh!

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iſland*.

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy valour and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus*.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs; yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth.
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Piſtol*'s cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with

my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I ſay: he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair erms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. *Coupe à gorge*, that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of *Crete*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go.
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Creſſid*'s kind,
Dol Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
For th' only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs: he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good huſband, come home preſently. [*Exit Quickly.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to *France* together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'er-ſwell, and fiends for food howl on!——

Nim.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at-betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home.

[*Draw.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee, put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee;
And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

*ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. NOW all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
For now ſits Expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With Crowns imperial; Crowns, and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
A neſt of hollow boſoms which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed!)

* ACT II. SCENE I.] I have divided the Acts of this Play differently from all the Editions, by beginning here the ſecond Act, whereby each throughout the Play begins with a Chorus regularly; whereas before, this Chorus was ſtruck into a Place where it interrupted the Continuance of the Scene, and for want of this Diviſion, they were forced to ſplit the one day's Battle at *Agincourt* into two Acts, namely the Third and Fourth. See the Note on Act IV. Scene 13. Mr. *Pope.*

Confirm'd

Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France:*
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere He take ſhip for *France;* and in *Southampton.*
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton:*
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit;
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back; charming the narrow ſeas,
To give you gentle paſs: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. 'FORE God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of *Cambridge*, and my lord of *Maſham*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the Pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act
* For which we have in aid aſſembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his beſt.

K. *Henry.* I doubt not that; ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majeſty; there's not a ſubject,
That fits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

Grey. True; thoſe, that were your father's enemies
Have ſteept their gauls in honey, and do ſerve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

Scroop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil;
And labour ſhall refreſh itſelf with hope,
To do your Grace inceſſant ſervices.

K. *Henry.* We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Enlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

* *For which we have* in head *aſſembled them?*] This is not an *Engliſh* Phraſeology. I am perſuaded *Shakeſpear* wrote,
For which we have in Aid *aſſembled them?*
alluding to the Tenures of thoſe Times. Mr. *Warburton.*

Scroop.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Sovereign, leſt example
Breed (by his ſuff'rance) more of ſuch a kind.
K. *Henry.* O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? we'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge, Scroop,* and *Grey,* in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my lord.
Your Highneſs bad me aſk for it to day.
Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.
Grey. And I, my Sovereign.
K. *Henry.* Then *Richard,* Earl of *Cambridge,* there is yours:
There yours, lord *Scroop* of *Maſham;* and Sir Knight,
Grey of *Northumberland,* this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter,*
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in theſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. *Henry.* The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:

You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! my lord *Cambridge* here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe:
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe:
Working ſo groſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murder:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon theſe ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by-treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he, that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up;

Gave

Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman*'s.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou: or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the ear, but with the eye,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man——Their faults are open;
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Camb. For me, the gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive

The

The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.
K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! hear your ſentence;
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure; and true Repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, lords, for *France;* the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way;
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance;
No King of *England,* if not King of *France.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to Quickly's *Houſe in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy and* Quickly.

Quick. PR'YTHEE, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſt. No, for my manly heart doth yern. *Bardolph*, be blithe: *Nim*, rouſe thy vaunting veins: Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead, And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s boſom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child; a'parted ever juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: For after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; * for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I: what, man? be of good cheer: ſo a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a'ſhou'd not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a'bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone, then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

* *for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen.* and a Table of Green-Fields.] Theſe words, *and a table of green-fields*, are not to be found in the old Editions of 1600 and 1608. This Nonſenſe got into all the following Editions by a pleaſant Miſtake of the ſtage Editors, who printed from the common piece-meal-written Parts in the Play-houſe. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a Scene in a Tavern where they drink at parting) and this Direction crept into the Text from the Margin. *Green-field* was the Name of the Property-man in that Time who furniſh'd Implements, *&c.* for the Actors. *A Table of* Greenfield's. Mr. *Pope*.

Nim.

Nim. They ſay, he cried out of Sack.

Quick. Ay, and that a' did.

Boy. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember, he ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhog; the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattles, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold faſt is the only dog, my Duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France;* like Horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French *King's Palace.*

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. THUS come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
*And more than careleſly it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;

* *And more than* carefully *it us concerns*] This was a Buſineſs indeed, that required more than Care to diſcharge it. Probably *Shakeſpear* wrote, *more than* careleſly.
The King is ſuppoſed to hint here at the Dauphin's wanton Affront in ſending over Tennis-Balls to *Henry:* which, ariſing from over-great Confidenceof their own Power, or Contempt of their Enemies would naturally breed *careleſſneſs*.

No,

No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with odure hide thoſe roots,
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable.
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And, Princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That hunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy*-battle fatally was ſtruck;
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales:*
*While that his mounting fire, on mountain ſtanding,

* *While that his* mountain *fire, on mountain ſtanding,*] We ſhould read, *mounting*, ambitious, aſpiring.

[Up

[Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,]
Saw his heroic ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature: and deface
The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when, what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf neglecting.

SCENE V.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. FROM our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the Crown;
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours, that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no aukward claim,

Pick'd

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the* French *King a Paper.*
Willing you over-look this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the Crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove:*
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin,*
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,

Sweeten

Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
* Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England;* to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe:*
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,)
Between the promiſs of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France.*

Fr. King. To-morrow you ſhall know our mind at full. [*Flouriſh.*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

---

†ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. THUS with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,

† *Shall* hide *your treſpaſs,*—] Mr. *Pope* rightly corrected it, *Shall* chide——

*Act III. Scene I.] This whole Act (and all the Reſt of the Play) very much enlarged and improved by the Author, ſince the Editions of 1600, and 1608. Mr. *Pope.*

In

In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Peer
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this Fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, Follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women;
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France*?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe, th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back;
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before HARFLEUR.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

K. *Henry.* ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with the *Engliſh* dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;

I ſee

I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England!* and St. *George!*
[*Exeunt* King, *and Train.*
[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. ON, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die:
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I wou'd not ſtay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to

to me; for, indeed, three ſuch Antics do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines; by *Cheſhu*, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the order

of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu*, he is an Aſs, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Capt.* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I ſay, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worſhip, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh law, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion; and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath;

bath; and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town is beſeech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſall I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me, with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me; look you; being as good a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf; ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry *and his Train.*

K. *Henry.* HOW yet reſolves the Governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give yourſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt; as I'm a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
Then down the hill he holds his fierce career:
We may, as bootleſs, ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a-ſhore. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of

Of heady murder, ſpoil and villany.
If not; why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſht to the walls?
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry*. Open your gates; come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear Uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
To-morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

SCENE V.

The French *Court.*

Enter Catharine, *and an old Gentlewoman.*

Cath. *ALICE, tu as été en* Angleterre, *& tu parles bien le language.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie de m' enſeigner; il faut, que j' aprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois.*

Alice. *La main, elle eſt appellée, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et le doyt?*

Alice. *Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me ſouviendra le doyt; je penſe, qu'ils ont appellé des fingres; oui, de fingres*

Cath. *La main, de hand; le doyt, le fingres. Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J' ay gaignée deux mots d' Anglois veſtement; comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Eſcoutes: dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C'eſt bien dit, madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez apprins dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

Cath. *Excuſe moy,* Alice; *eſcoutez; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Segineur Dieu! je m'en oublie d'elbow; comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck; & le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De ſin: le col, de neck: le menton, de ſin.*

Alice. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en verité, vous prononces les mots auſſi droit, que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignée?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement; d' hand, de fingres, de nayles, de arme.*

Alice.

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf votre honneur, d' elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds, & de robe?*

Alice. *Le foot, madame, & le coun.*

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d' honneur d' uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde; il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autrefois ma lecon enſemble; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C' eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Preſence-Chamber in the French *Court.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'TIS certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in *France;* let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers' luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters? [baſtards.

Bour. Normans, but baſtard *Normans; Norman Mort de ma vie!* if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion.* [mettle?

Con. Dieu de Batailles! why, whence have they this

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpite, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barly-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? Oh, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen icicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor (we may call them) in their native Lords.

Dau. By faith and houour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the *Engliſh* dancing ſchools,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and ſwift *Curranto's;*
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are moſt loſty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy*, the herald? ſpeed him hence;
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defrance.
Up, Princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France;*
You, dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtraile*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights;
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of *Harfleur:*
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.

Go

Go down upon him, (you have pow'r enough,)
And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſht in their march:
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mountjoy;*
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gower. HOW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an Ancient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant

a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the world, but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Piſtol*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate.
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone——

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Piſtol*: Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you that fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him;
* for he hath ſtolen a *Pax*, and hanged muſt a' be;
damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *Pax* of little price. Therefore, go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut

* *for he hath ſtoln a* Pax.] This is conformable to Hiſtory. A Soldier (*Hall* tells us, *Henry* V. year 3. fol. 14.) being hanged at this Time for ſuch a Fact. Nr. *Pope*.

With

With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of *Spain*—— [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-turned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſuit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvelouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell

him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, *and his poor ſoldiers.*

Flu. GOD pleſs your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire; ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no *French* upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry.* Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount.

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry.* Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King: ſay thou to *Harry England*,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Advantage is a better ſoldier than raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
'Till it were ripe. Now, ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: *England* ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted;
To anſwer which, his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt for our loſs, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. *Henry.* What is thy name? I know thy quality,

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French;*
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchman*. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your Highneſs. *Exit.*

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The French *Camp near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau.

Dau. My lord of *Orleans*, and my lord high Conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,——

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns; *ca, ha! le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus, chez les Narines de feu!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a Hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus;* he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other beaſts you may call jades.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea: turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Sovereign to reaſon on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of nature*——

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate, that which I compos'd to my courſer, for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Your

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me, well;—which is the preſcript praiſe, and perfection, of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Methought, yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a *Kern* of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, in your ſtrait Troſſers.

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord Conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out of

of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *Engliſh* priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentlemen of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox on the devil!*

Orl.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

SCENE X.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. MY Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor *Harry* of *England!* he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to-morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl.

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock; but (let me ſee) by ten.
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

AGINCOURT.

Enter CHORUS.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face,
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And (the third hour of drowſy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
* Inveſt in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,

* Inveſting *lank-lean cheeks*, &c.] *A Geſture inveſting Cheeks and Coats* is Nonſenſe. We ſhould read, Inveſt in *lank lean cheeks*, which is Senſe, *i. e.* their ſad Geſture was cloth'd, or ſet off, in Lean-cheeks and worn Coats. The Image is ſtrong and picturesque.

Pre-

Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good-morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then mean, and gentle, all
Behold, (as may unworthineſs define)
A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Engliſh *Camp, at* Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* GLOU'STER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhou'd our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother *Bedford:* God Almighty!
There

There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould 'dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France.*
Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, now lie I like a King.
K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt.
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas:* brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp:
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavillion.
Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your grace?
K. *Henry.* No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England:*
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry!*
[*Exeunt.*
K. *Henry.* God-a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. QUI va là?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentlemen of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. *Henry.* Even ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry. Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh crew?*

K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welſhman.*

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Piſt. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. *David*'s day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then!——

K. *Henry.* I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower, *ſeverally.*

Gower. Captain *Fluellen.*——

Flu.

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer; it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pompey*'s camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Though it appear a little out of faſhion, There is much care and valour in this *Welſhmen.*

SCENE IV.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. BROTHER *John Bates,* is not that the morinng which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you!

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.*

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet, he ſhou'd: for tho' I ſpeak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: the Violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, thy ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhou'd ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf

ſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place;* ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed, for before breach of the King's

laws. in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, wiſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I myſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry.* If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an Elder-gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather: you'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. *Henry.* Your reproof is ſomething too round: I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry.* I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K *Henry.* There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry.* If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

SCENE V.

Manet King Henry.

K. *Henry.* INDEED, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard conditon, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings,
That private have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save gen'ral ceremony?——
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?

*What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What is thy toll, O adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell:

**What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What! is thy ſoul of *adoration?*] Thus is the laſt Line given us, and the Nonſenſe of it made worſe by the ridiculous Pointing. We ſhould read, *What is thy* toll, *O adoration?* Let us examine how the Context ſtands with my Emendation. *What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings-in? *What is thy* worth? *What is thy* toll?—(i. e. the *Duties*, and *Impoſts*, thou receiveſt:) All here is conſonant, and agreeable to a ſenſible Exclamation. So King *John*:——*No* Italian *prieſt ſhall tythe or* toll *in our Dominions.* Mr. *Warburton.*

But,

But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus;* and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium;* next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

SCENE VI.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. MY lord, your Nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I ſhall do't my lord. [*Exit.*
K. *Henry.* O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts;
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſence of reck'ning: leſt th' oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My fathers made in compaſſing the crown.
I *Richard's* body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heav'n to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard's* ſoul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after call,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.

K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter's* voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. THE Sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. Montez Cheval: my horſe, *valet, lacquay:* ha!

Orl. O brave ſpirit!

Dau. Via!——les eaux & la terre.——

Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu.——

Dau. Ciel! Couſin *Orleans.——*

Enter Conſtable.

Now my lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our Steeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Engliſh*, are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con.

Con. to horſe! you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls;
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain;
That our *French* gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket-ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of *France?*
Yon Iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps.
The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;

And in their pale dull mouths * the jymold bitt
Lies foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs:
And their executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews itſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting Horſes provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away!
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Engliſh *CAMP.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all the Hoſt;* Saliſbury *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. WHERE is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.

Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble lord of *Bedford*,
My dear lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!

*——— *the* jymold *bitt*] *Jymold*, or rather *Gimmald*, which ſignifies a Ring of two Rounds. *Gemellus*, *Skinner*. Mr. *Pope*.

Bed.

Bed. Farewel, good *Saliſbury*, and good luck go with thee!

Exe. [to *Sal.*] Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O, that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to day!

K. *Henry.* What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* no, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, faith, my lord, wiſh not a man from *England:*
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it *(Weſtmorland)* through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſs-port ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that out-lives this day and comes ſafe home,

Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of *Criſpian:*
* He that out-lives this day, and ſees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to-morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now?

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle?

* *He that* ſhall live *this day*,——] The Quarto of 1608 reads better, *He that* out-lives *this day*.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſend men:
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

SCENE XI.

A Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. ONCE more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured over-throw:
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire [bodies
From off theſe fields: where, wretches, their poor
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. *Henry*. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of *France*.

K. *Henry*. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France*.
Mark then a bounding valour in our *Engliſh*:
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief.

Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt;
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly:)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers' heads;
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald:
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall, King *Harry:* and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for Ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. *Henry.* Take it, brave *York;* now, ſoldiers, march away.
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Field of Batile.

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *ſoldier, and boy.*

Piſt. YIELD, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Piſt.

Piſt. * Quality, cality--conſture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Piſt. O, Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez miſericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys; † or I will fetch thy ranſom out at thy throat, in drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain Goat, offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, Boy; aſk me this ſlave in *French*,
What is his name?

Boy. *Eſcoutez, comment êtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout á cette heure de couper de votre gorge.*

* *Quality*, calmy, cuſture *me, art thou a Gentleman?*] We ſhould read this nonſenſe thus,

Quality, Cality—Conſture *me, art thou a Gentleman?*] *i. e.* tell me, let me underſtand whether thou be'ſt a Gentleman.

† For *I will fetch thy* rym] We ſhould read,

Or *I will fetch thy* Ranſom *out of thy throat.*

Piſt.

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him, my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux qui je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Signeur d'Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſaud thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex.* Piſt. *and Fr. Sol.* I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; but the ſaying is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the

French

French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame.
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O meſchante fortune! —— do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame! let's ſtab ourſelves:
Be theſe the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die, inſtant: —Once more back again;
The man, that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than a dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Alarum. Enter the King *and his* train, *with priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* WELL have we done, thrice valiant country-men;
But all's not done; the *Frènch* yet keep the field.
Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.
Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, "tarry, my couſin *Suffolk*,
"My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n:
"Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt:
"As in this glorious and well-foughten field
"We kept together in our chivalry."
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays, dear my lord,
Commend my ſervice to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,

But

But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. *Henry.* I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-enforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE XIII.

Alarms continued; after which, Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. KILL the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be deſir'd in your conſcience now, is it not?

Gower. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran away from the battle, ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King moſt worthily has caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gower. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gower. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

* SCENE XIII.] Here, in the other Editions, they begin the fourth Act, very abſurdly, ſince both the Place and Time evidently continue, and the words of *Fluellen* immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before. Mr. *Pope.*

Flu.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld: I warrant, that you ſall find, in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is alſo moreover a river at *Monmouth*: it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gower. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſh'd. I ſpeak but in figures, and compariſons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gower. Here comes his Majeſty.

SCENE XIV.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with* Bourbon *and other priſoners; Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. *Henry.* I Was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald, Ride

Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;
And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go, and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Leige.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. *Henry.* How now, what means their herald?
know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?
Monnt. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men:
For many of our Princes (woe, the while!)
Lie drown'd, and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.
K. *Henry.* I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mount. The day is yours.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt.*

K. *Henry.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*, Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave battle here in *France.*

K. *Henry.* They did, *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe, your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavee*'s day.

K. *Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too.

K. *Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not to be aſham'd of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry.* God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him:
[*Exeunt Heralds, with* Mountjoy.
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.——Call yonder fellow hither.

SCENE

SCENE XV

Exe. SOLDIER, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry.* Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will An't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight with all, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An *Engliſhman?*

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th'ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry.* Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry.* Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and myſelf were

were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once an pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry.* Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick* and my brother
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels: [*Glo'ſter,*
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o' th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick:*
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and ſee, there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

Before King HENRY's *Pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I Warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, captain, I beſeech you

you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, in *France* or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanson*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty ———

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove, which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy, knave it is. I hope, your Majesty is pear me testimonies,

nies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry*. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. *Henry*. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry*. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your Highneſs, pardon me.

K. *Henry*. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly; hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhoes is not ſo good; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

Enter Herald.

K. *Henry.* NOW, *Herald*, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King; *John* Duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bauchiqualt*: Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires, Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number.
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which.
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles, that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord *Rambures*;
Great maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*:
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*: Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,

Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry*. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and ev'n play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. *Henry*. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry*. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry*. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*:
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*: and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

VOUCHSAFE, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of times, of numbers, and due courſe of things;
Which cannot in their huge proper life

Be

Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais:* grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep mouth'd ſea;
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way; ſo let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London.*
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath:*
Where that his lords deſire him to have borne
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him through the city, he forbids it;
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-houſe of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens:
The Mayor and all his brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the ſenators of antique *Rome,*
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch the conqu'ring *Cæſar* in.
As by a low, but loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empreſs
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his ſword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more (and much more cauſe)
Did they this *Harry.* Now in *London* place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s ſtay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France,*
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France:*
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you, 'tis paſt.

Then

Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to *France*.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Engliſh *Camp in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gower. NAY, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower;* the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſy, pragging knave, *Piſtol*, which you and yourſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bids me eat my Leek. It was in a place where I could bleed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap, 'till I ſee him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gower. Why, here he comes ſwelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turkey-cocks. God pleſſe you, aunchient *Piſtol:* you ſcurvy lowſy knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: becauſe, look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan*, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld knave, when God's will is: I deſire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it–[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gower. Enough, captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate, four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the ſkin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in

cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy no thing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are acounterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel; you find 'tis otherwiſe; and henceforth let a *Welſh* correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?
News have I, that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France;*
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn;
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand:
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The French *Court at* Trois *in* Champaigne.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. *Henry.* PEACE to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes,
To our moſt fair and princely conſin *Catharine;*

And

And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
And, Princes *French*, and Peers, health to you all.
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Moſt worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are your, Princes *Engliſh*, every one.
Q. Iſa. So happy be the Iſſue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.
K. *Henry*. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. Iſa. You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of *France*, and *England*. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned lies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like priſoner, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallows leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavag'ry:
The even Mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſithe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs.
Even ſo our horſes, and ourſelves and children
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences, that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, (as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies;
And bleſs us with her former qualities. [peace,

K *Henry*. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry*. Well, then; the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T' appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs, or accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry.* Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free Pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our Demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When Articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our couſin *Catharine* here with us.
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady.*

K. *Henry.* FAIR *Catharine*, moſt fair.
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

K. *Henry.* O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell what is *like me.*

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Oui, vrayment, (ſauf votre grace) ainſi dit il.*

K. *Henry.* I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry.* What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Oui. dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. *Henry.* The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* Woman. I'faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry.* Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife: Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation: only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, and never break

for

for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themſelves into ladies' favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of *France*?

K. *Henry*. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. *Henry*. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, (which I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off) *quand j'ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moi* (let me ſee, what then? St. *Den-*

nis be my ſpeed!) *donc votre eſt France, & vous êtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French*: I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf votre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry*. No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh*? canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry*. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ſaving faith within me tells me, thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry*. No, 'tis hereafter to know; but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe French enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry*. Now, fie upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour, in true *Engliſh* I love thee *Kate*; by which

honour

honour, I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempting effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them: but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic: for thy voice is muſic, and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate;* it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez votre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une votre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſels pour être baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of *France;* I cannot tell, what is *baiſſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. *Henry.* Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France,* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Oui vrayement.*

K. *Henry.* O *Kate,* nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great Kings. Dear *Kate,* you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion: we are the makers of manners, *Kate;* and the liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate;* there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* Council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England,* than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE V.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. GOD ſave your Majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh?*

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh.*

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt

muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeking ſelf? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. *Henry*. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. *Henry*. Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. *Henry*. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the fly your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. *Henry*. It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry*. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. *Henry*. I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. *Henry*. Is't ſo, my lords of *England*?

Weſt.

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France*, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French*: *notre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, hereties de France*: and thus in *Latin*; *Præcariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this have I not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. *Henry.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me; that theſe contending Kingdoms,
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts; that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. *Henry.* Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my ſovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. *Iſa.* God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there, 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league:

That

That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!
All. Amen!
K. *Henry.* Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable, pen
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory,
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This Star of *England.* Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i'th' managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

THE

FIRST PART

OF

HENRY VI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Glouceſter, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beauford, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and Uncle likewiſe to the King.*
Duke of Exeter,
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Sir John Faſtolfe.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glanſdale.
Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the* White Roſe, *or* York *Faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red Roſe, *or* Lancaſter *Faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter Gunner of Orleans.
Boy, his Son.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heaven, and ſetting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the Engliſh *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

THE

THE FIRST PART OF

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WESTMINSTER-*Abbey.*

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Glouceſter, *Protector; the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes in the ſky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That have conſented unto *Henry*'s death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with its beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a Dragon's wings:
His ſparkling eyes replete with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay; his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He never liſted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend:
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and ſorc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verſe have thus contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought:
The church's pray'rs made him ſo proſperous.
Glou. The church? where is it? had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom, like a School-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Glo'ſter, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.
Glou. Name not religon, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.
Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Inſtead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry*'s dead!
Poſterity await for wretched years,
When at their mother's moiſt eyes babes ſhall ſuck;

* Our

* Our isle be made a Marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to 'wail the dead!
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright———

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. MY honourable lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guysors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s coarse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glou. Is *Paris* lost, and *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mess. No treachery, but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain sev'ral factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
you are disputing of your Generals.

* *Our isle be made a* Marish *of salt tears,*] *Thus it is* (says Mr. *Theobald*) *in both the Impressions of* Mr. Pope; *but upon what authority I cannot say. All the old Copies read a* Nourish: *And considering it is said in the Line immediately preceding, that Babes should suck at their Mothers moist Eyes, it seems very probable that our Author wrote a* Nourice. i. e. *that the whole Island should be one common Nurse or Nourisher of Tears*, &c. Was there ever such Nonsense! But he did not know that *Marish* is an old Word for Marsh or Fen; and therefore very Judiciously thus Corrected by Mr. *Pope*.

One

One would have lingring wars with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your Arms,
Of *England*'s Coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*.
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miſeries.

SCENE III.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* LORDS, view theſe letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite,
Except ſome petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*,
The baſtard *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,
The Duke of *Alanſon* flies to his ſide. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither ſhall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* MY gracious lords, to add to your laments.
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight
Betwixt the ſtout lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't ſo?

3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful lord
Retiring from the ſiege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon.
No leiſure had he to enrank his men:
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly;
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:
The *French* exlaim'd, "The devil was in arms!"
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle,
Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir *John Faſtolfe* had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.

Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and maſſacre;
Encloſed were they with their enemies.
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all *France* with her chief aſſembled ſtrength
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain then? I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here in pomp and eaſe;
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Meſſ.* O no, he lives, but is took priſoner,
And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford*;
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.

Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His Crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my maſters, to my taſk will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s feaſt withal.
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Meſſ.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is beſieg'd;
The *Engliſh* army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Saliſbury* craveth ſupply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny;
Since they ſo few watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to *Henry* ſworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.

Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haſte I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,

Being

Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out: for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before Orleans *in* France.

Enter Charles, Alanson, *and* Reignier, *marching with a drum and Soldiers.*

Char. MARS his true moving, even as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late, did he shine upon the *English* side:
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near *Orleans:*
Tho' still the famish'd *English*, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. [beeves;

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-
Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths;
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum: we will rush on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French:*
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the* English *with great loss.*

Re-enter Charles, Alanſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

Reig. *Saliſbury* is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food.
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. *Froyſard*, a countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

Reig. I think, by ſome odd gimmals or device
Their arms are ſet like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe they could ne'er hold out ſo, as they do:
By my conſent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Baſtard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your chear appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a viſion, ſent to her from heav'n,

Ordained

Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege;
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in; but firſt, to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern:
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle

Reig. FAIR maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin; come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd: there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter.
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs.
In complete glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each ſide;
The which, at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Dau. Then come o'God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and* Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay; ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon;*
And fighteſt with the ſword of *Debora.*

Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire;
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtleſs, he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.

Reig. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?

Alan.

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?
Pucel. Why, no I ſay; diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight till the laſt gaſp, for I'll be your guard.
Dau. What ſhe ſays, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Aſſign'd I am to be the *Engliſh* ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s ſummer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into theſe wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the *Engliſh* circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bore at once.
Dau. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen the mother of great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s daughters, were like thee.
Bright ſtar of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee?
Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Preſently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe proves falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Tower-*gates*, *in* LONDON.

Enter Glouceſter, *with his Serving-men.*

Glou. I Am this day come to ſurvey the *Tower*;
Since *Henry*'s death, I fear, there is conveyance.

Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Glouceſter*, that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh ſo imperiouſly?

1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Glouceſter.*

2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him;
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Glouceſter's *men ruſh at the* Tower-*gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Glo'ſter*, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids;
From him I have expreſs commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burſt them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower-*gates*, Wincheſter *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Umpire, what means this?

Glou. *Piel'd Prieſt, doſt thou command me be ſhut out?

*Piel'd *Prieſt,*——] Alluding to his ſhaven Crown, a Metaphor from a peel'd Orange. Mr. *Pope.*

Win.

Win. I do, thou moſt uſurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou, that contriv'ſt to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin;
I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back;
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do, what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In ſpight of Pope or dignities of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glou'ſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glou. Wincheſter Gooſe! I cry, a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here Glouceſter's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fy, lords; that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumelioufly ſhould break the peace!
Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.
Win. Here's *Glo'ſter* too, a foe to citizens,

One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines,
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.

Glou. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canſt.

All manner of men aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highneſs's name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places; and not wear, handle, or uſe any ſword, weapon, or dagger henceforward upon pain of Death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we ſhall meet, and tell our minds at large.

Win. Glo'ſter, we'll meet to thy dear coſt, be ſure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewel: thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ſter*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it, ere be long. [*Exeunt.*

Mayor. See the coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart. [bear!

Offic. Good God! that nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomachs
I myſelf fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Orleans *in* France.

Enter the Maſter-gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. SIRRAH, thou know'ſt how *Orleans* is beſieg'd,
And how the *Engliſh* have the ſuburbs won.

Boy.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
How e'er, unfortunate, I miſs'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Maſter-gunner am I of this town,
Something I muſt do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'ſpials have informed me,
The *Engliſh*, in the ſuburbs cloſe intrench'd,
Went thro' a ſecret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
For I can ſtay no longer,——
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Saliſbury *and* Talbot *on the turrets, with others.*

Sal. TALBOT, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of *Bedford* had a priſoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile.*
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be ſo vile eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.

But, oh! the treach'rous *Faſtolfe* wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public ſpectacle to all.
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the *French;*
The ſcare-crow, that affrights our children ſo.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great a fear my name amongſt them ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel;
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, *with a Linſtock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in *Orleans:*
Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify:
Let us look in, the fight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled.

[*Here they ſhoot, and* Saliſbury *falls down.*

Sal.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.
Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt us?
Speak, *Saliſbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!
Accurſed tow'r, accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles *Saliſbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars.
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Saliſbury*? tho' thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heav'n for grace.
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Saliſbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.
O *Saliſb'ry*, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die, while——
——He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me,
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and, *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall *France* be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What ſtir is this? what tumults in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy propheteſs new riſen up,

Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here* Saliſbury *lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Saliſbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Saliſbury* to you.
Pucelle or *Puſſel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog-fiſh*,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave *Saliſbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing* Saliſbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *out.*

SCENE X.

Here an alarm again; and Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. WHERE is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our *Engliſh* troops retire, I cannot ſtay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, ſhe comes. I'll have about with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.
Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that muſt diſgrace thee. [*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.
Pucel. Talbot, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go victual *Orleans* forthwith.
[*A ſhort alarm. Then enter the town with ſoldiers.*
O'ertake

O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved men,
Help *Saliſbury* to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe lifts.
So Bees with ſmoke, and Doves with noiſom ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fierceneſs *Engliſh* dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.
[*A ſhort alarm.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England*'s Coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give Sheep in Lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo tim'rous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.
[*Alarm. Here another Skirmiſh.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto *Saliſbury*'s death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In ſpight of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with *Saliſbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
Exit. Talbot.
[*Alarm, Retreat, Flouriſh.*

SCENE XI.

Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. ADVANCE our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

Dau.

Dau. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis*' Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate. [town?

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets;
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.

Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my Crown with her;
And all the prieſts and friars in my realm
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis*' ever was!
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before ORLEANS.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive

Near

Near to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling-ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful ſorcery.
Bed. Coward of *France!* how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arms' fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid? and be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long!
If underneath the ſtandard of the *French*
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits;
God is our fortreſs, in whoſe conqu'ring name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.

Tal.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Saliſbury!* for thee, and for the right
Of *Engliſh Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make aſſault.

[*The* Engliſh, *ſcaling the Walls, cry, St.* George! *A* Talbot!

SCENE II.

The French *leap o'er the Walls in their ſhirts. Enter ſeveral ways, Baſtard,* Alanſon, Reignier, *half ready and half unready.*

Alan. HOW now, my lords? what all unready ſo?

Baſt. Unready? I, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alan. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate than this.

Baſt. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, ſure, favour him.

Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he ſped.

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Baſt. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defenſive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loſs might be ten times as much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Impro-

Improvident ſoldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of *Alanſon*, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.

Reign. And ſo was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?

Pucel. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhifts but this,
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Within the Walls of Orleans.

Alarm. Enter a ſoldier crying, a Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sol. I'LL be ſo bold to take what they have left;
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword,
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Saliſbury*,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul:
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans;*
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France.*
But, lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did amongſt the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myſelf, as far as I could well diſcern
For ſmoke and duſky vapours of the night,
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the Dauphin and his trull:
When, arm in arm, they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France?*

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous lady, Counteſs *Auvergne*,
With modeſty, admiring thy renown,

By

By me intreats, great lord, thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor Caſtle where ſhe lies;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n ſo? nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic ſport;
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.

Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid, unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain; you perceive my mind. [*Whiſpers.*

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Counteſs of Auvergne's *Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs, and her porter.

Count. PORTER, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done ſo, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus*' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter

Enter Meſſenger, and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your ladyſhip
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?
Meſſ. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the ſcourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot* ſo much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?
I ſee, report is fabulous and falſe,
I thought, I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules;*
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a ſilly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror in his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But ſince your ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What means he now? Go aſk him, whither he goes.
Meſſ. Stay, my lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.
Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirſty lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny theſe many years
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and huſbands captivate.

Tal.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have ought but *Talbot*'s ſhadow
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.

Coun. Why? art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of myſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drums ſtrike up; a peal of Ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns;
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For, I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.

What

What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;
For ſoldiers' ſtomachs always ſerve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to London, *in the* Temple *garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. GREAT lords and gentlemen, what means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th' error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye;
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment:
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som.

Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe with *Plantagenet.*
Suf. I pluck this red roſe with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal, I think, he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red;
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the ſide, where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?
Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerſet.
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.

Plan. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall die your white roſe to a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing.
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our Roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy Roſe a canker, *Somerſet?*
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
*I ſcorn thee and thy Faſhion, peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool!*
We grace the Yeoman by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet.*
His grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England:*
Spring creſtleſs Yeoman from ſo deep a root?

**I ſcorn thee and thy* Faſhion,——] So the old Copies read, and rightly. Mr. *Theobald* altered it to *Faction*, not conſidering that by *Faſhion* is meant the Badge of the *Red-roſe*, which *Somerſet* ſaid he and his Friends ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd by. But Mr. *Theobald* aſks, *If* Faction *was not the true reading, why ſhould* Suffolk *immediately reply,*

Turn not thy Scorns this way, Plantagenet?

Why? becauſe *Plantagenet* had called *Somerſet*, with whom *Suffolk* ſided, *peeviſh Boy.*

Plan.

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard,* Earl of *Cambridge,*
For treaſon headed in our late King's days?
And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet,*
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pool,* and you yourſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you *for this apprehenſion;
Look to it well, and ſay, you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill,
And know us by theſe colours for thy foes:
For theſe my friends, in ſpight of thee, ſhall wear.
Plan. And by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, *Pool:* farewel, ambitious *Richard.* [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchеſter* and *Glo'ſter:*
And if thou be not then created *York,*
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick.*
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,

* ——*for this* apprehenſion;] Apprehenſion, *i. e.* Opinion.

Againſt proud *Somerſet* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe.
And here I prophecy; this brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you;
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Priſon.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and jailors.*

Mor. KIND keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe eyes, like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak ſhoulders over-born with burdening grief,
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:
Yet are theſe feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
(Unable to ſupport this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come;
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor:

Mor. Enough; my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms,)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And, ev'n ſince then, hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence.
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my lateſt gaſp.
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks;
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from *York*'s great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay, of late thou wert diſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm,
And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which terms he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance' ſake, declare the cauſe
My father Earl of *Cambridge* loſt his head.
Mor. This cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth

Within a loathſome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Plan. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot gueſs.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit;
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his couſin *Richard*, *Edward*'s ſon;
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that deſcent.
During whoſe reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third ſon
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the Fourth of that heroic Line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir;
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was;)
Again in pity of my hard diſtreſs
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-inſtal me in the Diadem:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your Honour is the laſt.
Mor.

Mor. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no iſſue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

Plan. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.

Plan. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age!

Mort. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewel; and fair befal thy hopes,
And proſp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-paſt thy days.
Well; I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myſelf
Will ſee his burial better than his life.
Here lies the duſky torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not but with honour to redreſs.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my Ill th' advantage of my Good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PARLIAMENT.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet; Glouceſter *offers to put up a Bill:* Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.

Glou. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my patience;
Or thou ſhould'ſt find, thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, altho' in writing I perfer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy lewd, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
The very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London-bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.

Win.

Win. *Glo'ſter*, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me: how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe myſelf? but keep my wonted Calling.
And for diſſention, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good lords, it is not That offends;
It is not That, which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And That engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good——
Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſaucy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſes it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ſter!*
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This *Rome* ſhall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee, the Biſhop be not over-born.
Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious;
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks his lordſhip ſhould be humbler then,
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet*, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;

Leſt it be ſaid, " Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;
" Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter.*

K. *Henry.* Uncles of *Glo'ſter*, and *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial watchmen of our *Engliſh* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a ſcandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch noble peers, as ye, ſhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the Common-wealth,

[*A noiſe within*; Down with the tawny coats.

K. *Henry.* What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the Biſhop's men,

[*A noiſe again*, Stones, Stones.

SCENE II.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. OH, my good lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Biſhop and the Duke of *Glo'ſter*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble ſtones;
And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry ſtreet,
And we for fear compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter, in Skirmiſh, with bloody pates.

K. *Henry.* We charge you on allegiance to ourſelves,
To hold your ſlaughtering hands, and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ſter*, mitigate this ſtrife.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.

Skirmiſh again.

Glou. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil;
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majeſty:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a father of the Common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an Inkhorn mate;
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight;
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, ſtay, I ſay;
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear awhile.

K. *Henry.* O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!
Can you, my lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord Protector, yield: yield, *Wincheſter;*
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your ſov'reign, and deſtroy the Realm.
Ye ſee, what miſchief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.

Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop;
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,

As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern and tragical?
Glou. Here, *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my hand.
K. *Henry.* Fie, uncle *Beauford:* I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?
War. Sweet King! the Biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For ſhame, my lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.
Glou. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourſelves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!
Win. [*Aſide.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. *Henry.* O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my maſters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the ſurgeon's.
2 *Serv.* So will I.
3 *Serv.* And I'll ſee what phyſic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

War. ACCEPT this ſcrowl, moſt gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.
Glou. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick;* For, ſweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right:

Eſpe-

Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham*-place I told your Majeſty.
K. *Henry*. And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his blood.
War. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his blood,
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.
K. *Henry*. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of *York*;
From whence you ſpring by lineal Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,
And faithful ſervice, till the point of death.
K. *Henry*. Stoop, then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot.
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant ſword of *York*.
Riſe, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And riſe created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſty!
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*
Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *York!*
[*Aſide*.
Glou. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The Preſence of a King engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects and his loyal friends,
As it diſanimates his enemies.
K. *Henry*. When *Glo'ſter* ſays the word, King *Henry* goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt*.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue;

This

This late diſſention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love;
And will at laſt break out into a flame.
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away;
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every-ſucking babe;
That *Henry*, born at *Monmouth*, ſhould win all;
And *Henry*, born at *Windſor*, ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan *in* France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *diſguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. THESE are the city-gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we ſhall;)
And that we find the ſlothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends;
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan;*
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. *Qui va là?*

Pucel *Paiſans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, and Alanſon.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bleſs this happy ſtratagem!
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in *Roan*.

Baſt. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practiſants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?

Reig. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſs) which ſhe enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thruſting out a torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites*.

Baſt. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.

Dau. Now ſhines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, The *Dauphin!* preſently,
And then do execution on the Watch.

[*An Alarm*; Talbot *in an Excurſion*.

Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears.
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares;
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of *France*. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An alarm: Excurſions. Bedford *brought in, ſick, in a chair. Enter* Talbot *and* Burgundy, *without; within,* Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin, Baſtard, and* Reignier, *on the walls.*

Pucel. GOOD-morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will faſt,

Before

Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs curtizan!
I truſt, ere long to choke thee with thine own;
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
Dau. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a'tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardiſe a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with his ſhame.
Pucel. Are you ſo hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy Peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whiſper together in councel.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alan. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang:—baſe muleteers of *France!*
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbot*'s greateſt fame!

Vow

Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy Houſe,
Prick'd on by public wrongs ſuſtain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as ſure as *Engliſh Henry* lives,
And as his father here was Conqueror,
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœurdelion*'s heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford:* come, my lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place;
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here I will ſit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts;
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.

Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* ſafe!
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*

An alarm: excurſions: Enter Sir John Faſtolfe, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Faſtolfe*, in ſuch haſte?

Faſt. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord *Talbot?*

Faſt. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat

Retreat: excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heav'n ſhall pleaſe;
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE VI.

Within the Walls of Roan.

An Alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

Tal. LOST and recovered in a day again?
This is a double honour, *Burgundy;*
Yet, heav'ns have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot, Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as Valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old Familiar is aſleep.
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his gliſkes?
What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lies.

Burg. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgundy.*

Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan.*
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alanſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. DISMAY not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic *Talbot* triumph for a while;
And, like a Peacock, ſweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.

Baſt. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alan. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions mixt with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do That,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor ſhall that Nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the ſound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* Engliſh *march.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his colours ſpread,
And all the troops of *Engliſh* after him. [Fren. *March.*
Now

Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his:
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind,
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets ſound a parley.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.——

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy*? [man,

Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy country-

Burg. What ſayſt thou, *Charles*? for I am marching hence. [words.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*!
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid ſpeak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
And ſee the cities, and the towns defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother * on her lovely babe,
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes;
See, ſee the pining malady of *France*,
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt giv'n her woful breaſt.
Oh, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe that hurt; and hurt not thoſe that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots.

*—*on her* lowly *babe*,] It is plain *Shakeſpear* wrote, lovely *babe*, it anſwering to *fertile France* above, which this domeſtic Image is brought to illuſtrate.

Burg.

Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly return.
Pucel. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee;
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not truſt thee but for profit's ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of Ill;
Who then but *Engliſh Henry* will be lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free without his ranſom paid;
In ſpight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen;
And join'ſt with them, will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the reſt will take thee in their arms.
Burg. I'm vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen;
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel, *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.
Pucel. Done, like a *Frenchman:* turn, and turn again!——
Dau. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.
Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.
Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of gold.
Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Changes to PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet. Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them* Talbot, *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem;)
Let's fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet:
And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. *Henry.* Is this the fam'd lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France*?

Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.

K. *Henry.* Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father ſaid,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted your reward,
Or been regueidon'd with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe 'till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore ſtand up, and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewſbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing

Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of *York*;
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my lord, the Duke of *Somerſet*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, whoſo draws a ſword in th' preſence 't's death;
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to 'venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

LORD Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.

Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth!

Glou. Now, Governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter

Enter Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men:
Myſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?
Glou. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to Credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt honourable Order;
And ſhould, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death. [*Exit* Faſt.
And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.
Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King*. [*Reading*.
Hath he forgot, he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Portend ſome alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe*, [Reads.
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monſtrous treachery! can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?
K. *Henry*. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
K *Henry*. Is that the worſt this letter doth contain?
Glou. It is the worſt, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. *Henry*. Why then, lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
My lord, how ſay you, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I am prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. *Henry*. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtrait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. GRANT me the combat, gracious Sovereign.
Baſ. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my ſervant; hear him, noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine; ſweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. *Henry.* Be patient, lords, and give them leave to ſpeak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. *Henry.* What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from *England* into *France*
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks;
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he ſeem with forged quaint conceit
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet, know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleneſs of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.
York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though

Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
K. *Henry*. Good lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men!
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe!
Good couſins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourſelves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerſet*.
Ver. Nay, let it reſt, where it began at firſt.
Baſ. Confirm it ſo? mine honourable lord.
Glou. Confirm it ſo? confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate;
Preſumptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the King, and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverſe objections:
Much leſs to take occaſion from their mouths
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt yourſelves:
Let me perſuade you, take a better courſe.
Exe. It grieves his Highneſs: good my lords, be friends.
K. *Henry*. Come hither you, that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cauſe.
And you, my lords; remember where we are;
In *France*, amongſt a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience, and Rebel?
Beſide, what infamy will there ariſe,
When foreign Princes ſhall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King *Henry*'s Peers and chief Nobility
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of *France*?
O, think upon the Conqueſt of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon, if I wear this roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more encline to *Somerſet*, than *York*.
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And, good my lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourſelf, my lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that trait'rous rout.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My lord of *York*, I promiſe you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.

War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wis, he did.—But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For had the paſſions of my heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous ſpight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſcepters are in childrens' hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion:
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before the Walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets, and drum.*

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall.
[*Sounds.*

Enter General, aloft.

Engliſh John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England;*
And thus he would.——Open your city-gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd;
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight,
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs:
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil;
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but *Engliſh Talbot.*
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy due thee withal:
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of this ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſic to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not: I hear the enemy:
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England*'s tim'rous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *Engliſh* Deer, be then in blood;
Not raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſp'rate Stags,

Turn

Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England*'s right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of France.

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. *Enter* York, *with trumpet, and many ſoldiers.*

York. ARE not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot;* as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux.*

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France.*

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot;*
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:

To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord!

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet.*

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John!* whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel; no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe; I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
'Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay, [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The Conqueſts of our ſcarce-cold Conqueror;
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!—While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of France.

Enter Somerſet, *with his army.*

Som. IT is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*

Too

Too raſhly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour,
By this unheedful, deſp'rate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you ſent

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and ſold lord *Talbot:*
Who, ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for reſcue;
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours, that ſhould lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about;
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies: he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*;

Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtraits:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *and his ſon.*

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boading ſtars!
Now art thou come unto a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe:
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.
John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me.
The world will ſay, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That baſely fled, when noble *Talbot* ſtood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.
John. He that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
John. Then let me ſtay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.

Upon

Upon my death the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will ſwear:
But if I bow, they'll ſay, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; ſhall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.

John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.

John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions, wherein Talbot *'s ſon his hemm'd about and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:

The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s ſword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:
The life, thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done;
Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt Fight, I ſoon encounter'd;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave boy—
Here, purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to day die not with *Frenchmens'* rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and, if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my life one day.

In

In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
Out on that vantage bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of *France*,
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* ſon!
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot *led.*

Tal. WHERE is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot's* valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me;
And, like a hungry Lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart,
Into the cluſtring battle of the *French:*

And

And, in that sea of blood, my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*! my blossom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot *borne.*

Serv. O my dear lord! lo! where your son is borne.
Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither sky,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
"Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day."
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave.
[*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundy, *Bastard and* Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD *York* and *Somerset* brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging brood
Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmen*'s blood!
Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said.
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid."

But

But with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: "Young *Talbot* was not born
"To be the pillage of a * giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the Bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble Knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms,
Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.
Char. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a mere *French* word,
We *Engliſh* warriors wot not, what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For priſoners aſk'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewſbury*?
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.
Pucel. Here is a ſilly, ſtately, ſtile, indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath

*—*a giglot wench*] A Drab, Strumpet. Mr. *Pope*.

Writes

Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.
Him that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlain, the *Frenchmen*'s only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black *Nemeſis*?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France*!
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.
Pucel. I think, this Upſtart is old *Talbot*'s ghoſt;
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit:
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſlink and putrify the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their aſhes, Dauphin, ſhall be rear'd
A Phœnix, that ſhall make all *France* afear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris*, in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac*?
Glou. I have, my lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France*.
K. *Henry.* How doth your Grace affect this motion?

Glou.

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on ev'ry ſide,
K. *Henry.* Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one Faith.
Glou. Beſide, my lord, the ſooner to effect
And ſurer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.
K. *Henry.* Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young:
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers every one.
I ſhall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my Country's weal.

Enter Wincheſter, *and three Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. What, is my lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive That will be verify'd,
Henry the Fifth did ſometime propheſy:
" If once he came to be a Cardinal.
" He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown."
K. *Henry.* My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on;
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my lord of *Wincheſter* we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to *France.*
Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large;

As

As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower.
He doth intend She ſhall be *England*'s Queen.

K. *Henry*. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And, ſo my lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover;* where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt* King *and Train.*

Win. Stay, my lord *Legate*, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his Holineſs,
For clothing me in theſe grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.

Win. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, or for authority,
The Biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanſon, *Baſtard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. THESE news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout *Pariſians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French.*

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Pow'rs in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us,
Elſe Ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.

Scout. The *Engliſh* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle preſently.

Dau. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.

Burg. I truſt, the ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions fear is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt, *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords; and *France* be fortunate.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming Spells and Periapts;
And, ye choice Spirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents; [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and ſpeak not.*
Oh, hold me not with ſilence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further benefit:

So

So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? my body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my ſoul; my body, ſoul and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.
[*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excurſions. Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.* Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*

York. Damſel of *France*, I think, I have you faſt.
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's Grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;
No ſhape, but his, can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing miſchief light on *Charles* and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! inchantreſs, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curſe a-while.
York. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk, *with Lady* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. BE what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh, faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou? ſay; that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a King;
The King of *Naples;* whoſoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy cignets ſave,
Keeping them priſoners underneath her wings.
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, ſtay! I have no power to let her paſs;
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays, no.
As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, *De la Pole*, diſable not thyſelf:
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here thy priſ'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight?
Ay; beauty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aſide.*

Mar.

Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſom muſt I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aſide.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*

Mar. 'Twere beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would, that thou would anſwer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is ſome carpenter.

Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And Peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet he is poor;
And our Nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*

Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leiſure?

Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.

Mar. What tho' I be enthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*

Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.

Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.

Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate ere now. [*Aſide.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile
Than

Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſend to be my——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, Madam, are you ſo content?
Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our colours forth.
And, Madam, at your father's caſtle-walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V.

Sound. Enter Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. SEE, *Reignier*, ſee thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord.
Conſent, and for thy honour give conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suf.

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy princely Warrant I deſcend;
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy Coming.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou*, what your Honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuit?
Reig. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely bride of ſuch a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be *Henry*'s, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two Countries, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffic of a King.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewel, *Reignier*; ſet this diamond ſafe
In golden Palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord: good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*

Suf.

Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam, hark you, *Margaret*
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf—I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf! —but, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Solicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. BRING forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan!* This kills thy father's heart out-right.
Have I ſought ev'ry Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death!
Ah, *Joan*, ſweet daughter, I will die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit miſer! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out! ——my lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother, living yet, can testify,
She was the first-fruit of my bach'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble Birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now curs'd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou did'st keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, curs'd drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,

Because

Because you want the grace, that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since *Charles* must father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanson* that enjoy'd my love.
York. *Alanson!* that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl; I think, she knows not well,
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War

War. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Uſe no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, 'till miſchief and deſpair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves!
[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

SCENE VII.

Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.

Car. LORD Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a gen'ral Peace
* Betwixt our nation and th' reſpiring *French*;
And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, gentlemen and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?

* *Betwixt our nation and th'* aſpiring *French;*] But would an Ambaſſador, who came to perſuade Peace with *France*, uſe it as an Argument, that *France* was *aſpiring*. *Shakeſpear* without doubt wrote.
—*th'* reſpiring French.
i. e. who had but juſt got into Breath again, after having been almoſt hunted down by the *Engliſh*.

Oh!

Oh, *Warwick*, *Warwick!* I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of *France*.
War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *Baſtard*, *and* Reignier,

Char. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*;
We come to be informed by yourſelves,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.
York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my priſon'd voice,
By ſight of theſe our baleful Enemies.
Win. *Charles* and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,
Of mere compaſſion and of lenity,
To eaſe your country of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful Peace;
You ſhall become true liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him;
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alan. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a Coronet,
And yet in ſubſtance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.
Char. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a League;
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy.
To save your Subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside, to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, *Charles?* shall our Condition [stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty.
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the Crown of *England:*
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England.*
So now dismiss your army, when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk, *in Conference with King* Henry; Gloucester, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* YOUR wondrous rare description, noble Earl,

Of

Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tuſh, my good lord, this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praiſe:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I ſufficient ſkill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſs of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

K. *Henry.* And otherwiſe will *Henry* ne'er preſume:
Therefore, my lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glou. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my lord, your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another lady of eſteem:
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that Contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem;*
And of ſuch great Authority in *France,*
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace;
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.
Glou. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto *Charles.*
Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral Dow'r,
While *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A Dow'r, my lords! diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen;
And not to ſeek a Queen, to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep or Horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Attorneyſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth Bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen,)
Anſwer our hope in Iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, ſon unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors;
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.

Then

Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

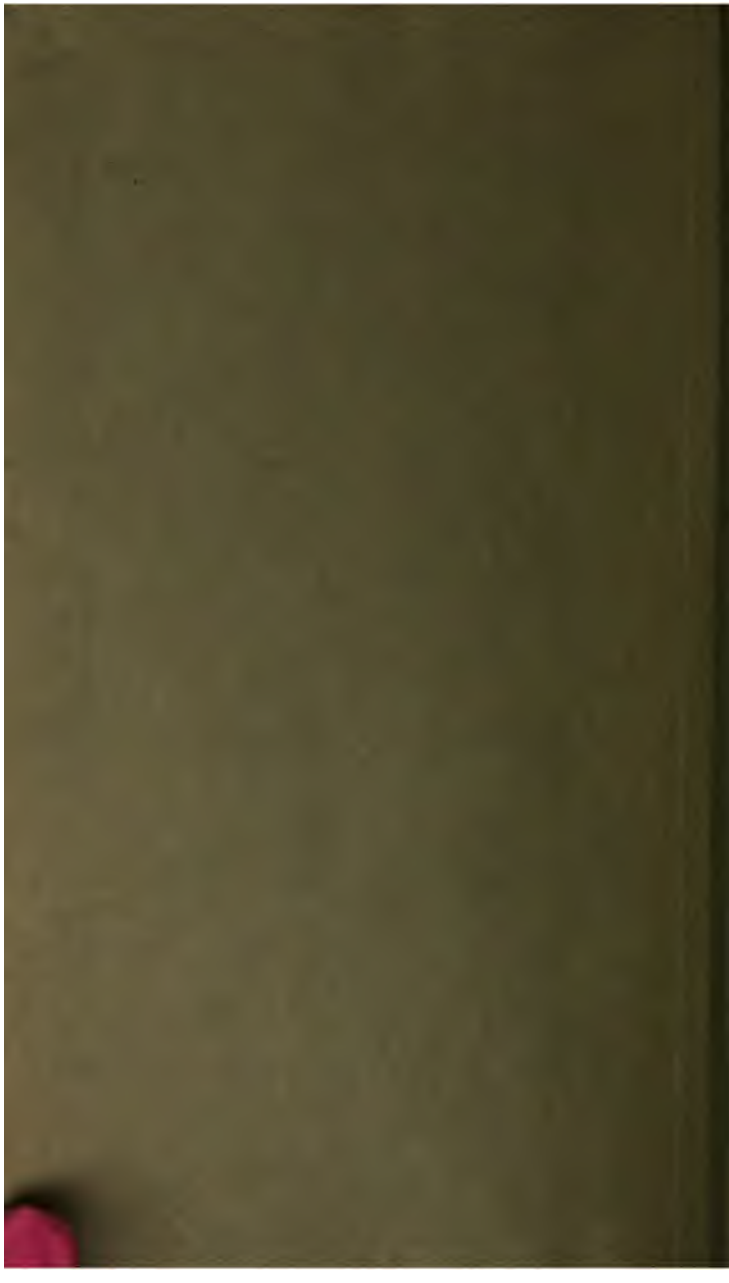
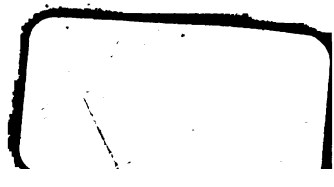
K. *Henry.* Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of *Suffolk;* or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my lord, to *France;*
Agree to any Covenants: and procure,
That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to *England;* and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for 'till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thouſand cares.
And you, good Uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece,*
We hope to find the like event in love;
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fifth Volume.

SS



MAR 1 1 1925